

## How to Ride a Longboard Downhill

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32509474) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32509474>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Feelings Realization</a> , <a href="#">Jealousy</a> , <a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Polyamory</a> , <a href="#">Polyamory Negotiations</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Skateboarding</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Angst with a Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Lack of Communication</a> , <a href="#">Not Actually Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">Minor Injuries</a> , <a href="#">Slow Burn</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Insecurity</a> , <a href="#">Complete</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Cute works</a> , <a href="#">dsmp fics !!!</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-11 Completed: 2021-08-20 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 36981

## How to Ride a Longboard Downhill

by [JanetBaby99](#)

### Summary

A wheel on the front of his longboard dips into a pothole, bringing the board to a stop.

Momentum is a bitch, keeping him going forward while the board stays behind, ripping the ground out from under him. He barely has time to stick his hand out to catch himself as he hits the ground with a hard thump.

He can't catch his breath, the pain in his hand and hip barely registering in his mind. In a matter of seconds, he had gone from exhilarated to falling flat on his face and he couldn't help but wonder if that's what love felt like.

### Notes

I'm really vibing with this fic, I hope you enjoy reading!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Sapnap doesn't know what possessed him to drive nearly an hour away to a skateboard shop far out of town, too busy trying to escape to care where he was headed until he got there. All he knows is that if he spends another second in that house with Dream and George, he's gonna puke. Like actually puke.

He tells himself he's not jealous because he isn't, okay? He always knew Dream and George were close and that the flirting extended past the pandering. He's spent many late-night calls listening in on the endless flirting and "suck my dick" "think about this dick" blah blah blah and he didn't expect it to just suddenly end when George moved in a few months ago. He just maybe didn't realize they were *that close*. *That close* as in Dream is head over heels, down bad, absolutely and totally and completely in love with George and George could not be more blind to it. It's unbearable.

It's not the flirting he has a problem with. Flirting is all fine and good, whatever. His problem lies in the lovesick, attention-starved, straight-up dumb way his best friend gets when George decides to grace them with his presence. George does *anything* and Dream stares at him like he is the most fascinating, most beautiful, most amazing person in the entire world- the only person in the entire world even. It was as if Sapnap didn't even exist anymore if George was around.

It didn't matter what he did either. George broke a bowl the other night and he got *the look* while Dream helped him clean it up, he interrupts a conversation to give them both a useless fact about giant African snails and he gets *the look* as if Dream is hanging onto every word he says. It wasn't even an interesting fact!

George could probably kill Sapnap and Dream would still give him *the look* over his dead body.

It's constant and never-ending like a fire slowly getting out of control and instead of George trying to help put it out, he's pouring gasoline on it to watch it grow. Sapnap had a pretty good theory that he didn't know he was making the fire worse though. The man is oblivious at the best of times.

It's all downright painful to watch. He can't even sit through meals anymore without cringing in secondhand embarrassment at Dream's pathetic attempts to get George's attention in a way more fulfilling than a friendship.

Sometimes he just wants to shake him and yell in his face *can't you see he's down bad for your stupid little British ass?* Or grab Dream and shout *we get it Dream, he's pretty, now either ask him out or pay attention to me for a second.*

Both would be rude, but damn he was getting fed up with them.

... And that would make him sound jealous, which he's not!

So there he stands with an itch under his skin and endless time to waste and nowhere, in particular, to waste it at. It was the worst combination.

Time and an itch led to sprained ankles and bloodied knees and a permanent limp to his gait from one too many tricks on his skateboard. It led to him standing outside a high-end shop for something he doesn't even need when the board he has at home is perfectly fine. It's not like he went for the cheapest option available when he had bought it, he had a good one that didn't even have wear on the edges yet.

So what brought him here he had no idea but at least he wasn't at home anymore.

He stands outside the shop for a second, debating on if he should even go in or not or if he should just take the drive as being nothing more than a drive and go home. He fiddles with the end of his headband, fidgeting endlessly with that restless energy he's had for days before he finally decides fuck it.

With a deep sigh, he pulled open the glass door and walked inside. He didn't know what to expect, having ordered his board online and the things he needed to go with it, but he's heard good things about shops like this, he might as well check it out if he was already here.

He steps inside, the cool air conditioning rushing over him like a breath of fresh air to his overheated skin, having stood outside for too long debating on if he should go in or not.

Immediately, he's greeted with blaring bedroom pop and skateboards lining the walls from the ceiling to the floor. The walls are a dark blue and while the bright colors and designs of the boards are illuminated by this, it makes the shop seem smaller than it really is, especially with all the people milling around inside it.

It's overwhelming but so is going home so he stays.

The guy working is friendly enough but Sapnap isn't too interested in carrying out an actual conversation with him. All he wants to do is waste some time, maybe buy a cool sticker or something so the trip wouldn't be all for nothing, and avoid going back to being ignored and surrounded by hopelessly in love idiots.

He loves his best friends but they really need to get together soon or he is going to go crazy. It was only funny the first few times he noticed it, now it was just downright annoying.

Sapnap tucks his hands into the pockets of his shorts and walks around, shoulders hunched in a socially awkward way that makes him look a little ridiculous as he peers at the different boards. It looks as if the store is sectioned off pretty well, decks and completes grouped together, trucks and wheels and everything else separate. It makes it easy to navigate at least.

There's a cute board with a panda on the bottom that catches his attention but from looking at it, it's too similar to the one he has at home to buy. Another looks pretty cool with geometric designs on the bottom and neon wheels but it's not really his style so he skips over that one too.

As he makes his rounds through the store, he spots a wall of safety gear. If he's being honest with himself he desperately needs to invest in that, but not today. Something deep within him wants to feel his knees hitting the concrete. It's an exhilarating rush to be going faster and faster, going to pop his board off the ground, and suddenly his world is spinning upside down and pain is radiating from his hip to his neck. It's dumb and he knows it, but he also kinda likes it. Like when he goes up behind Dream and playfully slaps his cheek. He knows the man is going to turn around and hit him back just as hard, he knows the pain is coming, but it's fun all the same.

He hates that he's thinking of Dream right now. He lets out another sigh, trying not to give the poor worker a disgruntled look that he didn't earn on Dream's behalf.

He moves on past the boards and onto the middle of the store where the tools and other things for the board were located. There's some good-looking grip tape that he grabs since he's a little rough on his and a new skateboard tool since he misplaced his last one after loosening the trucks on his board at home.

He grabbed a couple of stickers, not sure if he'd ever put them on or not but there was a panda (go figure), an alien, and a little flame not far off from his own sticker design. What he really wants is to get stickers from his, Dream's, and George's merch and stick them on his board. It would look so cool to have-

He stops himself.

Not today. He's annoyed with them today and doesn't want either of them on his board that is his and his alone. Neither of them ever once took interest in skating and that was fine by him. Sure, sometimes he got a little lonely when he was outside by himself learning new tricks and practicing old ones but for once he's thankful Dream wouldn't so much as stand on a board and George refused to come outside. Now it offered an escape from the both of them.

Walking towards the other side of the store, ready to pay and start heading home, he spots a section that he's always been too nervous to venture towards.

Longboards.

*They always look so cool*, he mourns quietly to himself. He wishes he had the confidence to buy one but holy shit, he can spot at least five different shapes and variants of that shape below it. Which one would he even need? What do longboards even do? He knew they could ride on rougher streets, unlike regular skateboards without snagging on rocks or whatever else lies in the road...

... Which would take him further away from that house.

He worries his lip between his teeth, scuffing the edges of his vans against the tile floor as he thinks about it.

With a deep breath, he takes a few tentative steps towards the wall.

"Hey, can I help you with one of these?" The worker who had been hovering around him since he got here asks politely with a friendly smile.

He feels like a dumbass as he looks at the boards. "I dunno honestly."

"That's alright, what are you wanting a board for?"

The question sounds innocent enough, lacking a malicious tease to it, but he's pretty sure he's being played with right now and he furrows his brows sarcastically. "To ride?"

"..." The worker looked at him for a second, giving a small laugh. "Okay. But what style are you interested in? Are you wanting one for cruising, long-distance... anything in particular?"

His cheeks brighten up pink. "Sorry," he mumbles. He's an actual dumbass. "I don't know."

The worker doesn't falter with his smile.

"Don't worry, I'll help you work it out."

Sapnap listens as he talks about the different types of boards and what they do and he's vaguely aware of the pretty smile the man throws at him over his shoulder as he explains. He looks kind of like George in a way with a smaller frame and swoopy dark hair that nearly reaches his eyes. He's funny too, making Sapnap drop his shoulders some as he cracks jokes and chats him up. They settle on a cruising longboard with minimal design and clear grip tape so the honey brown wood of

the deck shows. He's pretty sure this would be the perfect board to put their stickers on if he ever decides to.

"Alright, this is a complete but do you want different wheels?"

"Wheels?"

"It's different from a regular skateboard," the worker- why can't he remember his name- led him to another part of the store, a gentle hand on his shoulder guiding him to the said wheels. He doesn't feel like George when he touches him, but he doesn't hate it, though he kind of wishes it was George in some weird way.

He has a hard time staying mad at the two at home when all he can think about is them.

"Oh my godd," he groaned at the sight of the millions of different wheels. "Why are there so many?"

The worker laughs quietly. "You're just starting out, you'll figure it out pretty quickly I promise. Here, these are my favorites," he hands over a package with neon green wheels inside. "They're really good for a bunch of different things so you can kind of try it all out before you invest in a specific style."

The color isn't his favorite but it reminds him of something Dream would pick out so he accepts them. "Is that all I need?"

"Yeah, unless you're interested in trucks?"

Sapnap shakes his head. He can change those out another time if he wants. It would probably be overkill to change out everything right off the bat when he wasn't even sure if he could ride it.

"Then I'll ring you up if you're finished."

He nods, setting down the rest of the things at the counter.

He definitely spends way more than he was expecting too but that's alright. There's an exciting little hum in his chest at the thought of trying out the longboard tonight once he makes it home.

"Here you go, you're all set," the worker hands over a bag and the board. The rough tape of it scratches his arm as he tucks it underneath, heading for the door.

"Wait!"

Sapnap stops and turns back to the not-George.

"One more thing," he grabs an old abandoned receipt and scrawls something on the back with a pen, offering it to him. "This is my number. In case you need any help learning how to ride that."

The words are suggestive and he's giving him that pretty smile again that makes something in his chest flutter a little.

Oh.

*That was flirting?? Was he flirting this whole time?*

He accepts the receipt that's being held out to him and nods. "Sure," he smiles, tucking it into his back pocket.

*Sure? That's the best he's got?*

He blushes bright red again, turning sharply on his heel and marching out of the store quickly.

The Florida heat cooled down significantly since he started his drive earlier that day but the humidity didn't. His skin felt cool from the store but moisture clung to him immediately as he made his way to the car, tossing the board and bag into the backseat.

He quickly crawled into the driver's seat and turned on the air before he pulled out his phone to play songs on the way home.

Checking his messages, he sees two missed texts, both from one of the two people he's trying to actively avoid.

**Dream:** Are you coming home for dinner? *Delivered at 5:21 p.m.*

**Dream:** There's a plate for you in the microwave if you want it *Delivered at 6:03 p.m.*

Sapnap cringed. Oof. They always made a point to eat their meals together. This was probably the first time any of them had missed the tradition since George moved here.

Guilt curdled at the edges of his stomach that he shook away quickly. They probably had a great dinner without him there. By themselves, they could throw their little heart eyes at each other all they wanted without Sapnap in between them rolling his eyes. He's pretty sure alone time is what they need anyways, maybe then they would finally get together and things could go back to normal around the house.

He reminds himself he's not jealous as he backs out and begins the trip home, too busy thinking about Dream and George to remember the cute guy's number in his back pocket.

By the time he gets home, it's past seven and while the sun doesn't show any signs of setting any time soon, it's even cooler and a great time to skate. Mosquito bites are better than a sunburn in his opinion.

He parks along the street curb so the driveway is clear, the cement offering the perfect place to play on his skateboard without needing to worry about going to the skatepark or somewhere equally as intimidating.

Sapnap pulls out his new things and heads into the garage instead of the house, uninterested in seeing either of his roommates at the moment so he avoids the house entirely.

He's careful not to hit Dream's car with the board as he maneuvers his way inside to the cabinets lining the backside of the garage for storage. His old skateboard sat waiting for him, having tripped on it one too many times to leave it on his bedroom floor anymore.

It felt like a betrayal to an old friend as he sat the new board up next to it.

His stomach rumbled but he didn't feel like going inside just yet. Instead, he turns on music and focuses on changing out the wheels with the ones the cute guy sold him. They're his favorite, after all, Sapnap thinks to himself. Maybe he should text him tomorrow, he could compliment him on the wheel choice and ask for help learning to ride.

He sat the new board on the garage floor, putting one foot on it in a similar spot where he would on a normal one to get a feel on what to do first.

Standing on the board felt odd. The trucks were tighter on this board than his other but he decides not to mess with them just yet, unsure with the board and himself. It's longer than he's used to as well, and is it possible that it's heavier too? He's not sure, but he thinks so as he tilts his foot from one side to the other to feel it dip underneath him.

He pushes off slowly and places his other foot behind himself, unstable as he glides along Dream's car to the edge of the garage. Once he gets it to go more than a few feet, he rides it out. The change from the smooth garage floor to the cement had his knees shaking and unsteady but he managed without falling. It's a smooth ride down, gaining speed on their concrete driveway that slopes before feeding into the much harsher road.

A bite of bitter fear nips at his heart but he has no time to brace himself before he's rolling down down down, faster towards the sharp loose gravel lining the streets. The wheels were wider than a normal board that snags on a single rock but not wide enough, getting caught on the rocks and sending him flying to the ground. The gravel bit into his palm, knees aching so badly his breath stalls in his chest.

He opens his mouth to let out a groan-

"Ouch."

Sapnap scrambles at the voice behind him, too shocked from the fall to fully process the presence of another person.

Dream smiled mockingly down at him, golden hair framing his eyes in a pretty halo that catches the sun.

The street lamps, setting sun, and a single light on their garage don't do him justice. The shadows obscured his freckles like this, darkening his eyes from vibrant green to dark and undistinguishable.

Sapnap groaned in pain, dropping his guard at the realization it was only Dream. "Ouch," he repeated in agreement.

Dream huffed out a laugh, offering a hand up.

"When did you get out here?" he rasps, taking the outstretched hand and pulling up. His joints protest but he's learned he can't stay on the ground forever after a bad fall.

"I heard you come home a while ago. Wanted to see what you were doing," Dream shrugs.

He sighs, looking off towards where the board rolled off too. He knows he has to go get it but he also needs a minute for the pain in his side to stop radiating so much before he can walk again.

Dream follows his gaze and much to his disappointment drops his hand in favor of going after it for him.

Heat burns from the inside at the realization that he's disappointed that Dream let go of him. Why should he be disappointed though? Because his best bud didn't hold his hand? He's not George, Dream's not *interested* in him or something.

And he's definitely not interested in Dream.

Nope.

Not him.

“This thing looks scary. Is it a skateboard?” Dream asks, scooping up the board and looking it over. “It’s like... It’s like a surfboard or something. With wheels.”

Sapnap couldn’t help but snort at the stupid remark. “It’s a longboard.”

He got the scary part right though. His legs shook, thighs quivering from the pain and adrenaline ripping through him from the fall. He didn’t see himself trying that again too soon tonight.

“Oh. That’s cool,” he hands the board back over with a smile and a tilt of his head.

“Thanks.”

Sapnap took the evil thing back into the garage, laying it on the ground in favor of his trusty old board.

“We missed you at dinner,” Dream hums conversationally. His tone is light but there’s a hint of curiosity to his words that tells Sapnap he wants to know where he went but he wasn’t going to push if he didn’t offer up the information.

That guilt from earlier came back, gnawing at him to apologize.

“Sorry,” Sapnap scratched at his nape, fiddling with the ends of his headband. “I went to a skate shop.”

“Oh.”

It’s painfully awkward. He wants to groan at the strange vibes between them, almost entirely sure they’re to blame on George. He didn’t start feeling this sort of way until he moved in.

Speaking of George... “Where’s the gogmeister at?”

“I dunno. He’s inside doing something I guess,” Dream brushes him off like he’s not interested in talking about George. It’s strange because if there’s one thing Dream is always interested in talking about it is George.

He leans back against the trunk of his car, long legs stretched out in front of him, freckled arms crossed, and staring right at Sapnap.

Puzzled, the younger tosses the board on the ground, averting his gaze from Dream’s who didn’t falter. “Don’t you want to go hang out with him or something?”

“Nah, I wanna spend some time with you.”

“Oh.” He tries to keep the disappointment from his voice. How is Dream supposed to admit he likes George already if he’s outside with him instead? The more time he spends out here the longer they were all going to be kept in the perpetual loop of angsty pinning.

“Do you not want me to?”

“I didn’t say that, just figured you’d want some *alone* time with Georgie in there,” Sapnap teases suggestively, throwing a lecherous grin at Dream to get a reaction.



“You’re such an idiot,” Dream smirks, shaking his head and finally dropping his stare. His cheeks look a little pinker in the light, so Sap takes it as a win.

“He’s probably waiting for you.”

“Stop.”

“On his bed,” Sapnap giggled.

“Sapnap.”

“So lonely. Who knows what he’ll do without yo...”

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Dream reaches out, playfully shoving him.

Sapnap stumbled, letting himself be pushed around as he laughs at how flustered Dream looks.

Their soft crinkles of laughter filled the night air, slowly trickling back into the silence with the occasional chirp of a cricket lost somewhere in the grass.

Dream leans back up against his car more.

“Alright, come on, let’s see it.”

Sapnap raises an eyebrow at him inquisitively, absently scooting his board across the ground in a little rocking motion with his sneaker.

“See what?”

“A trick or something,” Dream gestures to the board.

Sapnap bit his lip, shaking his head. “Mmm no, I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” he looks him up and down expectantly.

When he doesn’t get an answer he gets huffy. “Oh come on now, you’re out here like every night, I know you can do it.”

“Yeah but that’s just practice,” he scuffs his shoe with a shrug. “I’m not good or anything yet. I fall on my ass a lot.”

“Okay, well then I want to watch you practice,” he insists.

What is going on? Dream never wants to just sit outside with him, especially not while he’s skating. And he’s choosing to do that over spending time with George? It’s bizarre, so far from their normal nights.

The other senses his hesitation, continuing on trying to goad him into showing off. “... Please? I miss you. I’ll be quiet if you want,” he holds his hands up as if to prove he’s being honest.

He can’t lie, the thought of spending time with Dream does sound kind of nice, especially knowing George wouldn’t be around for him to follow around like a love-drunk idiot.

“You really just want to watch me skate?”

“Sure. Maybe you can teach me some or something too. But later!” he says before Sapnap can

jump in, excited at the prospect of getting Dream on a board. "I want to watch you first."

Sapnap only hesitates a second longer before agreeing. "Okay. Yeah, that sounds fun."

Dream's face relaxes and he leans back again, crossing his arms and watching him.

Sapnap feels his face warm under the return of his stare. He looks down at the skateboard, unsure where to start. "What do you want me to do?"

"Anything," his best friend assures him, seeming content with his position against the car.

He doesn't know what that means so he shakes out his arms, doing his best to ignore Dream entirely. He steps on the board, adjusting his footing until the unease from falling just minutes ago leaves him.

Sapnap pushes off a couple of times, rolling down the driveway until he reaches the end, doing a simple kick turn to ease into riding tonight. He's more nervous with an audience, too worried about falling again and Dream laughing at him.

He goes in to do another kick turn and scuffs it. "Aww, man. I'm nervous now, I can't do it." Dream giggles. "Yes, you can. Weren't you learning ollies the other day?"

"Yeah."

"Try doing that."

"No no no no," he giggles. "I'm definitely gonna bust my ass if I do that. I can do this though," he stomps on the board to flip it over, wheels in the air. Dream watches with rapt attention as he lines the toes of his vans up underneath the board. It's a beginner's trick but he's mastered it at least. With a flick of his heels, his heart pounds as he flips the board again, jumping so he lands atop the board. He almost wobbles back but he keeps atop, looking to Dream to see his reaction.

He's not disappointed in the slightest. His mouth dropped open in awe, eyes alight with something that can only be described as pride.

"Dude, that was so cool!" he hypes immediately.

Sapnap feels the tops of his ears grow warm at the compliment, confidence growing.

"Thanks."

"Now do an ollie." Dream deadpanned jokingly.

"No!" he protests but he can almost feel how proud Dream would be if he did.

He pushes the nose of the board to the ground, standing on it, thinking on if he can actually do it or not. Slowly he lets it down, putting his feet in a familiar position that he had been attempting almost every night for a week.

Without warning, he tries, wanting to see that same look from Dream again. Sapnap popped the board up, dragging his foot up the length of it but was too slow to get enough air. He ends up stumbling off the board with a disappointed look to Dream and a pout to his lips. "I can't."

"Ugh."

"The fuck is that for?" Sapnap curls his lip at the noise.

“Quit saying you can’t do it and just do it.”

“Oh yeah,” he rolls his eyes. “Because it’s that easy.”

Dream shrugs. “Might be.”

*Might be* he mocks silently, attempting it again. This time the wheels came off the ground just a little but he still ended up falling.

They continue like that for a long while, joking loudly together while Sapnap tries to do ollies. He lands a few that sends them both into hysterics cheering loudly. He’s right in his guess that he’d be able to feel how proud Dream is of him when he lands it. He’s overwhelmed with it. He’s overwhelmed with Dream entirely right now. It’s the first time in a long time that he’s had his complete attention.

They’re standing there talking before Sapnap tries again when Dream notices something, interrupting their conversation to point it out.

“What’s that?” Dream points in his general direction.

“What?”

He reaches out, fingertips ghosting Sapnap’s lower back that sent sparks up his spine at the contact. He stops breathing, thinking for a second he might be about to grab his ass when his fingers dip into his pocket, removing a receipt.

“Oh it’s just trash,” Dream looked it over. “I thought it was a tag or something. It’s got a number on it, is it important?”

Sapnap’s eyes widened at the slit of paper. He had completely forgotten about that guy. “It’s uh... this guy was hitting on me at the skate shop. He gave me his number.”

Dream’s expression shifted, unreadable as he looked down at the paper. “... Do you want to keep it?”

He doesn’t know. The look Dream is giving him makes him want to say no.

But that’s not right because Dream likes George so what does it matter if he keeps the number?

“Yeah,” he nods, holding a hand out for it again.

Dream hands it over without question but he still looks pissed for some reason as he slips it back into his pocket.

He picks his board up, unsure what to do in the awkward tension. He picks at the grip tape fraying on the edges. He’s about to suggest they go in and find George if anything to be able to move past this when Dream perks up again. “Can I try?”

“Try what?”

“Skating. Teach me,” if he had a tail like a dog it would definitely be wagging right now the way he eagerly got closer.

Sapnap felt the energy shift back towards what it was before though he was still baffled by the change in the first place. “Okay, sure. Step on. Which foot do you lead with?”

Dream frowns as the board is sat in front of him, unsure. He puts his left foot on it first, beat-up Nikes not quite in the right spot but close enough. "I don't know? This one?" He steps over to the right, switching. "Yeah, definitely right."

"You would skate goofy," Sapnap teases.

"What does that mean?" Dream grumbles light-heartedly. "Is that not how you do it?"

"No, I kick with my right, not stand on it. Okay, do you think you can kick off by yourself or do you want my help?"

"Help please," Dream holds his arms out for him expectantly.

Dream sets his hands on both of Sapnap's shoulders as he steps up to the board, his unease of being on the board evident in how his grip tightens as Sapnap puts his hands on his waist.

Dream's an extra few inches taller now that he has both feet on it. He towers over him, Sapnap barely coming up to his shoulder like this. He looks up, catching his eye. "Ready?"

Dream nods, a hint of fear in his eyes.

For a second, he allows himself to revel in the control he has right now. He's the only thing keeping Dream up right now and if he wanted to he could completely drop him.

"Don't let me fall or I won't get back on," he warns as if sensing his pattern of thought.

"I won't," he giggles, moving them both a step. Dream curls in on himself, sending a panicked look down to Sapnap.

Trotting alongside the board, he pulls him across the driveway. It doesn't do much to help him learn how to push but they do that twice until Dream straightens out, not as afraid as before.

"Think you can kick off by yourself?"

"Maybe. If I fall, are you gonna catch me?" Dream asks, adjusting his footing.

"Maybe."

Dream shoots him a look that makes him chuckle, quick to appease him. "Yeah, I will."

With one more uncertain look, he kicks off.

He's unsteady and wobbly, kicking foot too far out from the board like he's scared to put his full weight on it and he almost immediately falls into Sapnap, reaching out for him wildly.

Lanky arms wrap around his shoulders again, Dream's face nearly tucked into his neck as he catches him.

Sapnap breathes in, heart skipping a beat.

"Thanks," Dream pulls away.

There's that disappointment again that Sapnap shakes away as quickly as it came.

He stays close just in case but Dream manages to make it to the other side of the driveway without another incident.

“Good! Hell yeah, dude you’re doing great.”

“Really?” he looks to Sap for hype that he’s all too happy to give.

“Yes! Seriously, okay now try going back by yourself, I won’t be there this time.”

“Okay,” he nods excitedly, looking towards the other side and he’s off, already doing better with every step.

Sap isn’t above admitting when his friends look hot. Dream looks *hot* right now. He uses a hand to push his hair out of his eyes, sliding it back and away. His dark red shirt is bunched at his hips, basketball shorts riding low enough a sliver of skin exposed itself to the humid air. There’s a bead of sweat gathering at his temple, sliding down and Sapnap might be drooling just a little. His legs look fucking strong too, muscles flexing as he kicks off even when he throws his arms up and out to keep from falling over.

“I did it!!”

“You did!” Sap calls back.

They take turns like that, Dream skating back and forth and when he needs a break because his knees are shaking too bad, Sapnap takes it practices tricks, working on his ollies even if he falls more than once much to Dream’s amusement. It stopped being so funny to him though after he fell himself, back slapping the concrete when he got too cocky and jumped on the board.

He doesn’t know how long they’ve been out there but the sun is long gone and the moon is creeping further up into the sky.

“Your turn,” Dream’s chest heaves as he steps off the board. Sometimes Sapnap forgets that skating is exercise.

Sapnap stands up on his board, not doing anything but smiling at Dream who’s leaning against the car again in a futile attempt to catch his breath. “Look I’m basically as tall as you right now.”

“No you’re not,” he denies with a shake of his head, still gasping for air.

“I am. No actually, I’m taller than you.”

“Yeah congrats, you have to stand on a skateboard like a step stool to be as tall as me,” Dream stands up fully, coming over to stand in front of him. “No you’re still shorter!!”

They’re almost eye level with each other but Sapnap still has to look up ever so slightly to meet his gaze.

They’re close enough he can see his freckles now and when he grins the light flashes off his sharper canines. Sapnap can’t tear his eyes away, wishing just once he could feel them sinking into his lip.

He jolts, *woah woah woah what the hell kind of thought is that-*

He doesn’t have enough time to think about it though because Dream is leaning in, eyes dropping from Sapnap’s to his lips as if he’s having the same thought as he is.

It's wrong, it's so wrong, and Sapnap can’t stop. He finishes leaning in, closing the distance and letting his eyes slip shut. He hopes Dream does the same as their lips press together.

He's softer than expected, the touch chaste and shy. A timid hand came up to cup his cheek, the stubble on his chin biting into Dream's warm palm.

Sapnap has no idea what he's doing but he's going for it. He deepens the kiss and Dream follows, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth, and oh, there are those little fangs from earlier, sinking into the soft skin in the best way possible. He tastes like fruit punch or something like that and Sap sucks at his lip to get more of the flavored chapstick.

His hands trail down to his shoulders, holding him steady when the board beneath him rolls. He's not expecting it, launching his arms around Dream's neck to keep from falling.

Dream chuckles softly into his mouth, pulling away so their breath mingles in their quiet huffs of laughter, giddy and bubbly from the near fall and ridiculousness of the situation.

Sapnap's fingers gently trail into the blond locks, brushing them away from his neck. Every second that passes they drift further apart though their smiles never faded, wearing matching blushes.

Sapnap's confused as all hell but he's elated at the same time, stepping off the board that rolled back into the garage with a small kick.

From this height, it's not as easy to steal another kiss but he tries all the same, standing on his toes to reach up. Still, it's not enough and Dream has to lean down to meet him the rest of the way but thankfully he does. It's simple and sweet and Sapnap thinks he could live in this moment with him forever.

Slowly he pulls away with a dopey, half-lidded look on his face. Dream pulls his own lip between his teeth, grinning, and Sapnap smiles back.

"Are you going to keep skating?"

"... yeah, yeah I think so."

"Okay. I think I'm going to go inside. To think."

To think. Yeah, they both definitely need to do that because holy shit what is happening right now? His heart is beating so fast he thinks it might stop completely.

He's disappointed but he still feels like he's floating. "Okay. Good night."

"Night," Dream takes a few steps backward, unwilling to look away from Sapnap until he has to or he's going to fall, disappearing into the house from the door in the garage.

Alone with his thoughts, Sapnap stays frozen in the same spot Dream left him in until he feels like he can function again.

Slowly he looks around again, attention landing on the longboard with neon green wheels.

It's like everywhere he looks he sees Dream.

He shakes out his shoulders again, righting himself, and impulsively scoops up the board, taking it back out of the garage. This time, he sets it in the street rather than trying to start in the driveway again.

Sapnap stands up on the longboard in the middle of the street, lips still numb and tingling. He thinks he can still taste Dream if he licks them so he does until they are chapped, finger ghosting

over his bottom lip in between darts of his tongue.

Even though his calves shake, he pushes off.

The first few kicks are rocky and discombobulated but soon enough he's got an easy rhythm going as he skates down the street. It's fast, faster than he's used to going on a skateboard anyways, his heartbeat pounding in his ears and brain fuzzy. There's a dumb smile on his face and somewhere in the back of his mind he can hear George's voice teasing "shut your mouth before you catch a bug" but he can't, he's too high on pure euphoria. He's not thinking about skating even though he's not looking at anything but his feet and the board beneath him, he's thinking about Dream. Dream and his soft lips and fruity chapstick that he can't taste anymore and his warm hands wrapped around his shoulders and how he just kissed his best friend and what did it even mean an-

A wheel on the front of his longboard dips into a pothole, bringing the board to a stop.

Momentum is a bitch, keeping him going forward while the board stays behind, ripping the ground out from under him. He barely has time to stick his hand out to catch himself as he hits the ground with a hard thump.

He can't catch his breath, the pain in his hand and hip barely registering in his mind. In a matter of seconds, he had gone from exhilarated to falling flat on his face and he couldn't help but wonder if that's what love felt like.

If so, it felt an awful lot like Dream.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap spends some time with George.

### Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! I hope you enjoy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap didn't know what he expected to change with that kiss.

He glowers at Dream and George from his spot in the gaming chair across from them, biting down on petty comments threatening to leave his mouth.

They were supposed to all be watching a tv show together but the screen hanging on the wall has been completely forgotten.

Throughout the course of not even a full episode, Dream managed to wedge himself halfway underneath George by sprawling on his back so George, who laid on his stomach, would rest his head against his shoulder. He couldn't even see the tv like that! And they were whispering to each other occasionally, giggling quietly at whatever the other one said but in a hushed way as if to not distract Sapnap from the show.

But how can he not be distracted when Dream is staring at George and not him?

He curls his knee up into the chair with him to rest his chin on.

They never talked about the kiss. Sapnap didn't know how to bring it up after that night and Dream didn't say a word about it the next morning. It almost felt like a dream, save for the way their hands lingered on each other's when accepting a plate, brushing up against each other more than strictly necessary in the smaller kitchen at breakfast. Sapnap thought that it meant something though, the way Dream began to seek him out with his pretty smiles and soft words after that night. He even curled up close to him on the couch the other day, sharing a blanket and each other's warmth. His heart threatened to beat out of his chest when Dream grazed his fingers over his thigh, drawing shapes on his skin and resting his head on his shoulder.

And now he's laying on the bed.

With George.

*Giggling .*

It's making his blood boil viscously.

Why would Dream kiss him when he so clearly likes George?



It makes him feel as if he was nothing more than a stand-in for the other. Maybe Dream had been feeling some type of way that night and since he couldn't have George he went for the next warmest body he could find. What if he only kissed him to test out the waters, see if he could settle for Sapnap instead? And now he's decided he can't. Or maybe Dream didn't even mean to kiss Sapnap... what if he was just projecting his own desires and Dream felt obligated to kiss him and now it's gonna be weird??

It was just a kiss though. It's not like they had sex or something. He's probably making this out to be a much bigger deal than necessary.

Sapnap picks at the hem of his shirt, thinking.

He can feel himself growing more distraught and confused with each minute his mind spends racing but, good or bad, a loud wheeze brings him from his thoughts and back to the two on the bed.

Brown locks were the only visible part of George's head as he buried his face in Dream's neck whose eyes scrunched tight in barely contained laughter.

The show isn't that funny, so they're laughing at each other he guesses. That's understandable, they're both outrageously funny. He just kind of wishes he was in on the joke too. Or they'd at least do this whole school girl crush giggly bullshit when he doesn't have to sit there and watch it.

His heart stings a little with an emotion he can't put a name to. Whatever it is burns like a raging fire, racing through him and engulfing everything in sight. Suddenly the room feels too hot and the chair is too restricting. Their laughter is downright suffocating.

He's had enough of this.

Unable to take anymore, he stands and tries to slow his movements enough that the others believe it to be leisurely. He stretches his arms above his head, joints popping from sitting in place, reawakening stiff limbs. Brown and green eyes follow the movement curiously as he grabs his phone from the desk and pushes the chair back in.

"Where are you going?" George asks as he nears the door, fumbling for the remote to pause the show. He finds it and the background noise dies with a click, leaving only them and their words to fill the air.

Sapnap shrugs. "I don't know, I don't really feel like watching this anymore though."

Dream frowns, golden hair flopping out from under his head like a crown as he did his best to move enough to see Sapnap's face. "But you said you really wanted to watch this?"

Sapnap forces a nonchalant smile. "Yeah but y'all don't really seem into it. Besides, I think I need a break from sitting."

Dream and George both protest, speaking over each other to assure him they were watching it but Sapnap could only give a half-hearted shrug, promising it was alright. They didn't need to lie like that.

Dream looked dejected as he sits up completely to look at Sapnap better. "Okay, so we weren't paying attention," guilt laces his words. "But I still want to watch it with you."

He's pretty sure that's a lie but Sapnap is trying not to be bitter about it.

“It’s fine, Dream. Really,” he waves him off, making his way to the door as quick as he could. “I’m gonna shower.” he blurts out as an excuse to leave.

He didn’t do much today so he doesn’t especially need one but it sounds nice enough. His entire body kind of hurts anyways from skating, maybe it would do him some good.

Sapnap’s almost out the door, so close to being able to make a break for it, when Dream grabs his hand gently. It takes everything in him to not jerk it away with a snarl.

His hands are warm like they were that night. Now they rubbed a gentle circle over knuckles, fingertips grazing scratched up palms with a gentleness he wants to hate but makes his shoulders relax instead.

“Hey, you okay?” Dream asks quietly.

Sapnap forces his face into neutrality. “Yeah, I’m good.”

“Are you sure?”

Sapnap nods too quickly, waiting to be released so he could make his escape.

Dream looks like he doesn’t totally believe him but he lets go anyways after a second.

He misses the warmth immediately. The tender touch is gone, replaced with the tingling sensation of nothing.

Sapnap tears his gaze from Dream’s concerned face, catching George’s eye as he goes for the door once more.

He pauses.

George is staring at him *hard*. The intensity of his stare drives needles into his skin in tiny pricks that has him frozen in place. It’s confusing as it is unnerving.

It feels like he couldn’t leave but George doesn’t say anything to him, just watches.

An eternity later he manages to pry his feet off the floor, turning his back to him. Each step he takes is heavy but he doesn’t let that stop him, Dream’s door shutting behind him with a click.

With those dark demanding eyes off of him, he feels like he can finally relax. He lets out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding, shoulders dropping.

George had a way of staring right into his soul sometimes. It’s kinda creepy.

He also kinda likes it but he shakes that thought from his head quickly.

Sapnap takes a minute to gather himself, praying no one walks out of the room and finds him just standing in the hallway like a weirdo. He didn’t even know where to begin explaining himself if they did. *Oh hey sorry, I gotta get over my insane raging jealousy for a second don’t mind me.*

He sounds dumb even to himself. He has nothing to be jealous of in the first place. What, Dream? Or George getting all his attention? What’s new there?

It’s stupid.

Sapnap forces his feet to move once again, dragging himself further away from the two.

He makes a brief stop at his room for clean clothes before going to his and George's shared bathroom.

Dream got lucky, having claimed the master bedroom before Sapnap could, so he got the master bathroom all to himself. He didn't exactly mind sharing with George though. It could be worse, it's not like George is a complete slob or anything. The most he does is occasionally leave dirty clothes on the floor or hairs in the sink from shaving.

Their rooms are connected by the bathroom in the middle of them, two doors on either side leading into the room. It made for one or two awkward moments of walking in on the other but they were always both quick to apologize and turn back around.

He doesn't bother to lock either door, assuming since he very clearly announced that he would be showering, he didn't need to worry about anyone- namely George- waltzing in.

Sapnap starts the shower, letting it warm up while he strips. He puts some music on before he gets in, the silence giving him too much time to think.

The warm water feels like heaven on his sore muscles. He relaxes in the stream, eyes shut tight, soaking in the heat. The aches that held a permanent residence in his joints slowly ease ever so slightly. He didn't even know how skating would make his arms sore and his neck and back and... everything really.

He hums along with the song and if he shakes his ass a little no one needs to know. In the privacy of the bathroom, he doesn't care if he looks goofy.

The music drowned out the sound of the door opening, and with his eyes still shut he didn't notice the presence of another person in the small bathroom.

"Sapnap?"

He yelps, eyes flying open towards the voice.

"George!"

What is with these two and sneaking up on him?? And while he's in the shower?? What had he been trying to do, jump scare him? If he could form a coherent thought he'd make the joke naked and afraid but he can't do anything but sputter indignantly. "Wha-"

*Oh god did he just see me...*

"What?" the Brit giggles, leaning against the counter casually like Sapnap isn't completely naked and having heart palpitations. "That was a cute dance."

He can feel his cheeks burning at being caught.

"Get out you freak!" he's trying not to laugh but a bubble still tries to force its way out of his chest.

He covers himself the best he can with his hands but he hasn't been in the shower long enough for steam to gather on the very much see-through glass of the doors.

He's torn between melting into the shower floor and preening under the attention of such a pretty boy.

But he did *not* just call George of all people a pretty boy.

Holy shit is he conflicted right now.

“I’ll leave in a second, can I talk to you first?” George asks earnestly, dropping the teasing sharp edge to his words. His big doe eyes are wide, looking small in his oversized strawberry milk shirt. It looks really nice on him, the pink bringing out the color of the blush ghosting his cheeks.

“Right now?” Sapnap looks for a towel, a washcloth, anything to hide behind. He settles for a sponge he doesn’t even think his, grabbing for things in a blind panic. The blue loofa does little to hide anything but it’s the best he has. “It can’t wait like... ten minutes?”

George shrugs. “Why not right now?”

Sapnap narrows his eyes. “I’m naked.”

“So?”

“What do you mean so?”

“Dream lets me in when he showers.” He states matter of factly crossing his arms and scrunching his nose as if he can’t comprehend why Sapnap wouldn’t want him in here too.

Sapnap goes red and it isn’t from the heat of the shower.

Dream lets George in while he showers? What does that mean?

He doesn’t want to think about Dream in the shower or George for that matter and how hot they would look, tan and pale skin slick with warm water, hair damp and cheeks flushed-

“Get out.” he shakes his head harshly.

“Fine,” George pouts. “Just come find me when you’re done?”

“Sure.” he agrees quickly to get George’s eyes off of him. It’s doing way too much to him and he had no chance of hiding it.

“Okay,” he pushes off the cabinet, strolling to the door. “It’s important though so do you promise?”

“Yes, okay, just go,” he begs.

“Wait, what’s the name of this song? I kinda like it.” He messes around, obviously enjoying how flustered Sapnap is.

“George!”

“Going!” he giggles again and it’s the cutest fucking sound in the world before the door opens and shuts and Sapnap is alone once again.

He doesn’t move after the door shuts, George disappearing into his bedroom once again. He waits until there’s no chance of anyone else popping in and scaring the shit out of him again and even then, he doesn’t let his eyes slip shut anymore.

On edge, Sapnap scrubs at his body hastily, wondering what could be so important for George to barge in on him like that. Whatever it was, he isn’t exactly excited to go find him later.

He stays in the shower until the water runs cold.

He does not go find George.

He leaves.

He takes his longboard and leaves because what the actual fuck was that about.

It's a bit counterproductive to go skating right after he showers but he doesn't care, it's an escape and a distraction. When he longboards he doesn't have the luxury of thinking about either one of those idiots at home or showers or kissing or future confrontation. All he can think about is where he's going and how to not fall.

The humidity is not kind to his wet hair and his already damp skin is turning stickier by the minute. It makes him feel gross and sluggish but the other option though is to go back inside where apparently there's no space that's not invaded by George and Dream.

He opens the garage, grabbing water from the fridge and his board.

The new board is a little torn up at the ends, wear on the nose and tail already beginning to show even though it's only been a few days since he's bought it. On more than one occasion he's gone too fast or loosened the trucks too much and lost it, the wood hitting the sidewalk and trees and neighbor's fences.

Since the kiss, he can't stand to sit still in that house with Dream so he skated until strawberry knees are bloodied and bruised but he can (kind of) do a moving ollie now on his trick board and he's gotten much better on his longboard. He's only managed to ride it up and down a couple of streets so far and to the park a handful of times but he enjoys it when he does.

His already sore ankle hurts something fierce as he starts off but he pushes past it, setting the board down and kicking off down the street.

He looked up videos about longboarding the other night when he couldn't sleep. His jaw had dropped in awe at the people going well over 50 miles an hour on these things, wearing gloves that send sparks flying as they land on the ground, dragging their palms to stop. It's crazy! And the people that dance on them amaze him too, and those that can do insane tricks. He stayed up for hours just soaking it all in, those videos fresh on his mind now.

There's a hill not far from the house he's been eyeing lately. Every time he drives past it he wonders if he could carve down it one day like those people do, but it's too scary to even try right now.

Instead, he focuses on the streets, hesitantly gaining speed, bending and twisting to pump the best he can. It's fun and makes it easy to forget about life. He listens to music and his harsh breathing eventually drowns out any and all thoughts other than 'don't fall'.

He falls anyways but it's exhilarating and draws a giggle out of him every time.

Sapnap turns down a sloped street, picking up speed. He crouches down, feeling the wind begin to rush through his hair. His headband slaps him in his face and he bats it away, mouth stretching into an insane grin, feeling more alive than ever the faster he goes, save for maybe when Dream is

touching him or George is staring at him in that way-

Warm freckles, soft pink milk shirts a size too big-

The board wobbles, from the speed or him getting distracted he's not sure, and he bails out of fear, gravel crunching underfoot. He tumbled to a stop, hard footfalls leaving his ankles aching.

*What the hell?* He asks himself, watching his board roll away. He doesn't like George like that. He doesn't even know if he really likes Dream like that, so where were these thoughts coming from?

The board skitters to a stop, having rolled down the slope to rest in a drainage ditch. He watches it go, running a hand through his hair as he catches his breath, berating himself. He's got to get it together.

Slowly Sapnap makes his way back down the road, picking up his board and hoping back on.

By the time he gets back to the house he's exhausted, glad to have left a water bottle for himself on the sidewalk in front of their mailbox so he didn't have to walk a single step further.

He limps up to bottle, plopping down on his board as a makeshift chair and drinks it down in big gulps. It drips down his chin, mingling with the sweat coating his body but he's too thirsty to care.

Sapnap takes the bottom of his shirt, pulling it up and dragging it over his face to collect the sweat gathering on his brow. The sun is beating down endlessly, not a cloud in sight, and he's pretty sure his cheeks and shoulders are sunburnt.

When he drops the fabric, about to take another drink, he catches sight of the front door opening.

This time, he sees George coming, watching him wiggle out the door, Patches pawing at his ankles to try and get out too. He can hear her complaining meows from here and he can't help but smile at them both.

Skating drains his energy, leaving him too calm and peaceful to panic about the confrontation approaching him.

Sapnap can't help but admire the little ducktail on the back of George's head the closer he gets, the long locks doing little half curls. He wants to know what it feels like to run his fingers through it, wants to know if freeing the strands will make his hair more wild and crazy. He needs a haircut but it's so cute like this at the same time.

George's face is scrunched like something is bothering him. His eyebrows are melded together, lips pursed in a tight line.

George won't talk about his emotions like he and Dream will. Dream is the exact opposite, he will launch himself into Sapnap's lap and yell "I'm sad" at him but not George. George instead looks sad but won't say a word, keeping it all bottled up inside. Today though it seems like he has something to say though as he comes to a stop in front of Sapnap.

"Hey."

"Hi," Sapnap smiled, chanting to himself *don't think about the shower don't think about the shower don't think-*

George doesn't smile back. It's sobering, far more serious than either of them is used to.

George digs the toe of his sneaker into the grass, hands in his pockets and looking anywhere but at Sapnap. "Why didn't you come find me?"

"Sorry, I forgot," Sapnap lies. He hopes George hasn't picked up on his tells yet and misses the way he knows his nose flares when he lies.

George looks away from him and then back with a resolve. His voice is strong and unwavering as he says, "I'm sorry."

Sapnap frowns. "What for?"

He seems taken off guard when Sapnap asks that, like he hadn't been prepared to answer. "I don't know. I just feel like I've done something though. I saw you and Dream out here the other night and it looked like you guys were having a lot of fun. I wanted..." he bites the inside of his lip. "I wanted to come out too but I didn't think you'd want me to."

He thinks he actually feels a piece of his heart crack at the way George looks so crestfallen. He didn't even know if he'd describe it as that. George looks like a kicked puppy the way his big doe eyes fell and his bottom lip stuck out in such a subtle way it couldn't have been intentional. He looks small- smaller than usual with his lithe frame hunched in on itself, shoulders drew in tight.

"Why not?" The question slips past his lips as if he didn't know the answer.

He knew full and well that he wouldn't have wanted George out there that night. He probably would have found a reason to fuck off if George tried to join them but a small part of him knows it wouldn't have been that bad either. It's not like he hates spending time with them both. They still have a great time together and the thought of George watching them from his bedroom window all by himself digs into the muscle of his heart like a knife.

His eyes widen. *Did George see us kiss?*

Surely if he did he would say something right? But George had tried to talk to him earlier when he was in the shower, he had said it was important. Was that it?

Sapnap gulped.

"Because you seem like you're mad at me all the time. I dunno," George twiddles with a piece of hair nervously, looking confused. "I dunno what I did but if you just tell me I can fix it... or whatever," he struggles to keep his usual apathetic demeanor. There's a hint of genuine distress to his words though as he begs for forgiveness despite not knowing what he did.

That makes it hurt even more, because George didn't do anything. His only crime is getting Dream to fall in love with him. It's not his fault Sapnap is so freaking jealous of him.

Well shit.

He may have fucked up just a bit.

"I'm sorry Georgie," he sighs out all in one breath. "I didn't... I didn't mean to make you feel like that. You could have come out with us the other night."

George doesn't look like he believes him. The normal confidence he carries is gone, replaced with a timid voice.

“You aren’t mad at me?”

“No...” he struggles to find what he needs to say. He wants to blurt out ‘you make me jealous. I’m not you and Dream deserves you not me. And you’re too pretty and too smart and way too fucking funny and you’re too-

He may be a little jealous of Dream too. He gets to have George and his cute little ducktail and weird sense of humor, who barges in while people shower and has no sense of personal space.

“No?” George interrupts his train of thought.

“No. I could never be mad at you. I’m sorry.”

He wants to reach for his hand. He wants to grab his wrist from his pocket and pull it out and lace their fingers together.

He hates that he wants him as badly as he wants Dream. It’s so wrong, and it kills him that they want each other and not him.

“Why won’t you spend time with me then?”

Sapnap shrugs. He doesn’t really have an answer. At least not one he can readily give. “Why don’t we spend time together right now? I can go rinse off and then we can watch a movie or something.”

He must be imagining the way George’s eyes trail up his body, lingering on the sweat that beads his torso and exposed skin.

“We can stay out here. You taught Dream how to skate right?”

Sapnap hesitates. “... yeah. Kinda.”

“Teach me too.” He offers.

Sapnap thinks back to how much fun he and Dream had and more specifically how the night ended. A flare of heat burned in his stomach that he squashed down quickly. He didn’t need to be having those kinds of thoughts and he definitely shouldn’t be thinking them when George is staring at him.

Again.

He’s always staring lately. Sapnap wonders what that’s about but he’s too afraid to ask.

“Okay. Yeah sure, man,” he nods enthusiastically, standing up fully.

“This is a longboard right?” George points, nudging it with the toe of his shoe.

“Uhh yeah,” Sapnap is taken aback.

George notices his surprise. “When you started skating I looked stuff up about it so I would know what you were rambling about,” he huffs with a roll of his eyes.

The way he said it made it sound so mean but Sapnap didn’t miss the admission. His eyes light up, smiling brightly. “Gogy!”

A sly smile graces his face. “You wouldn’t stop talking about trucks and bushing and shit. I just



wanted to know what you were saying is all.”

Sapnap knows that’s not true. He did it because it’s something Sapnap showed interest in and George loves him even if he won’t say it.

Sapnap snickered to himself with the realization.

“I love you too, idiot.”

George’s cheeks darken and he shakes his head. “Shut up. Show me how to do this before I change my mind.”

“You’re so cute,” he teases. “Put your foot on the board.”

He falls into the familiar pattern he did with Dream, helping George find his leading foot and push off a couple times.

Somehow he does better than Dream. He doesn’t ask Sapnap to stay close to the board as he kicks off, though he trots alongside him just to be safe. He’s not sure if it’s the fact that he’s learning on a longboard instead of a trick one or if it’s simply because he’s George.

“I’m doing it!” He calls excitedly over his shoulder. “Let’s go!!”

*Go where you’re hardly pushing off* Sapnap wants to snark but he chokes down his words, offering support instead. “You’re doing great!”

“Really?” George looks over his shoulder with a grin. He stops pushing, letting himself slowly roll to a stop. Sapnap should have told him that was a bad idea, that he wouldn’t be going fast enough to go over the pebbles lining the edges of the road. Instead he keeps his mouth shut.

George falls. Dramatically.

Sapnap should have known he would, he’s seen the vlogs he’s been in with Tommy, the man falls like he’s never experienced gravity before. He stumbles over the board, long limbs flailing.

He turns with a shocked look, grabbing something off the ground and immediately trotting over and handing it to Sapnap.

“Hold out your hand,” he demands.

“Mmm no,” Sapnap grins.

“Oh don’t be a whimp,” George snatches his arm, wrapping long thin fingers around his forearm and pulling at his hand.

Sapnap fights his hold only to feel his hand against him a while longer before stretching out his hand. “What is it?”

“For you,” George plops a rock into his hand. “It nearly killed me.”

“It did not nearly kill you, you are *dramatic*,” he giggles, looking over the pebble in his hand. It’s not even that big, hardly the size of the tip of his finger.

George giggles too. “No it nearly took me out, you saw that!”

*I wanna take you out.*

“Don’t be such a baby,” Sapnap shakes himself. “Go again.”

He almost, *almost*, tosses the rock to the ground but then he caught sight of how George was watching him. Next thing he knows he’s slipping the damn rock into his pocket. He’s going to have a whole pile of things soon like a little Gogy pile of random things he gives him like rocks and pine cones and bits of paper. But the dumb grin he gets when he keeps it makes it all worth it.

It’s scarily similar to spending the night with Dream skating. He’s giggling and joking and teasing George endlessly and the man is giving it all back to him and then some. It’s fun and light hearted. It makes him feel even worse for ignoring George the way he had been lately but he pushes past that and just focuses on spending time with him now.

George is genuinely good at skating. He’s much better than Dream was at least when he actually tries instead of being goofy and falling just because it makes Sapnap laugh.

They’re being dumb about it, Sapnap pulling George up onto the board with him and trying to ride it pressed tight against each other. George fits perfectly against his chest even though they’re the same height and he’s sure he can feel how hard it makes his heart beat. It’s too warm and their skin is sticky with sweat but they’re both grinned ear to ear. When George inevitably falls off, just as dramatic as before, he pushes at Sapnap until he falls off too.

Sapnap tries to do a kick flip on the longboard but he can’t get it off the ground, too heavy, and George tries to jump on it while it’s rolling only for it to shoot out from underneath him.

Neither one of them mention Dream even once. It’s probably the most fun they’ve had together in weeks.

He’s so busy giggling with George, watching him scoot around their street he’s not paying attention to traffic until a car is slowly rolling right up behind him.

“Hey!” He calls out in warning.

George perks up, pretty eyes finding him.

“Car!”

He turns, looking behind him for the car and jumps in surprise at how close it is.

Sapnap worries his lip, watching. A bad feeling begins to form in the pit of his stomach.

The car behind him isn’t patient like he had hoped they would be. George is doing his best to scoot to the side but he’s too unsteady on his feet to move fast. The car honks, scaring them both. George turns and looks back just long enough to lose control.

“Ah!” George cries loudly, the board flying out from beneath him.

He doesn’t fall completely but his knee skids across the pavement so hard Sapnap can practically hear the skin ripping from here.

*Oh shit*, he runs after the board, grabbing it before someone accidentally runs over it, and then runs back to George who’s slowly peeling himself off the ground.

His knee is a mess, already purpling under the skin that’s left.

The rude ass revs their shitty engine and zooms off. He wants to flip them off and yell obscenities

but that can't be his priority right now.

"Fuck, are you okay?" He worries, not hesitating to throw George's arm around his shoulder and scoop him up.

"I'm fine! You don't have to carry me," George swats at him.

"Quit hitting me asshole I'm helping," Sapnap groans, getting the message loud and clear, setting him down on the ground again. He keeps an arm wrapped around him still, the hurt limb hanging loosely between them. He's light enough he can mostly carry him back to the driveway, much to George's displeasure, but it's a struggle with the board that he slaps down against the cement the second they were close enough.

Sapnap gently guides George to sit on the board so he isn't sitting on the rough ground. When he looks up, his big doe eyes are damp with tears, gazing at him through his lashes.

"George," he says cautiously. "Are you crying?"

"Fuck, kind of," he whimpers, looking embarrassed. "I started to fake cry to mess with you but now I'm actually crying."

"You're such an idiot," Sapnap dips down, settling on his knees in between George's that are pushed up almost to his chest to inspect the wound. It hurts his own bruises and scrapes and he's pretty sure there's a metaphor in there somewhere.

He wants to tease him. He's a grown ass adult crying about busting his knee but as much as George likes to be babied, Sapnap kind of liked babying him.

With gentle hands, he reaches up, swiping at the little tears at the corners of his eyes. His face is soft under his hand. He wants to kiss his tears away, make him smile somehow, something to make him stop looking like that.

He knows he can't. He really, really can't.

So he settles for the next best thing.

"Stop crying you big baby," he leans down, settling his hands on George's thigh. He can't focus on the fact that his fingers could probably wrap almost all the way around the pale skin that would look so pretty with bruises from his fingers and mouth.

God, he really can't think of that right now.

"Want me to kiss it better?" he asks before he just does it. He can see how a snarky reply seems to sit on the tip of his tongue but George swallows it down, giving him a silent nod.

Sapnap looks back down at the scrape.

George is watching him closely, so close it doesn't look like he's breathing anymore. Sapnap leans down, breath ghosting the skin that prickles under the attention, kissing his bony knee on the outer corners of the wound so he doesn't get blood on his mouth. He thinks a drop still does and he flicks his tongue out to lick it away instinctively. Coppery bitterness spreads across his tongue and fuck why is that kinda hot?

George gasps.

Sapnap's eyes flicker up at the sound and how else is he supposed to take it? George *liked* that.

He doesn't even realize he's staring at George's lips until he's leaning in, silently begging for permission.

The world moves in slow motion, time frozen as he waits for an answer.

George grants it without question.

If Dream felt soft under his hands, George felt like satin, the world's finest silk despite the rough texture of his stubble lining his jaw. Sapnap thumbs it gently, savoring the feeling of the rough drag on the pads. George let out a breathy sound, nothing more than a harsh exhale through his nose but it alighted a fire in his chest, all but begging for more.

George laces his fingers through soft black hair, pulling him impossibly closer and Sapnap is helpless to follow, licking into his mouth and shoving what was left of the drop of blood still coating his tongue into the other's mouth. It's weird as hell and he can't believe how much he likes it.

He likes George.

He likes everything about him. There isn't a single thing he dislikes about him. He smells nice, he looks nice, he's soft and hard in all the right places, he's warm and kind and sarcastic and can be downright ugly and petty and *perfect*-

"Sapnap," he whispers against his lips, pulling him from the endless list of love he holds for the man in his arms.

He pries open his eyes to look at him. *Fuck he's pretty.*

He can see all the little freckles this close, the sparse dots framing dark brown pools, surrounded by tufts of hair. The quirk of his lips in the tiniest of grins gives him butterflies.

Admiring the hair reminds him of his previous desires. He reaches around and finds that cute little ducktail, running his fingers through the strands and capturing him in another kiss.

George breathes a little harder again in response, head falling back to rest in Sapnap's hand subtly.

"You really aren't mad at me huh?" He gives a smug smile as he pulls away.

"M never mad at you Georgie," his knees ache but he refuses to move.

"Then what was all that about?"

This is what he wants to ask about right now?

His throat tightens. He can't admit it because that means talking about Dream right now in a space that feels sacred to him and George only.

But shit.

Dream.

It's like he completely forgot his best friend existed. His best friend that he had kissed just a few days ago.

A pit of dread begins to fill his stomach, coating his insides in acid.

Sapnap puts space between them, sitting back on his haunches. "It's nothing."

It's not nothing and it's definitely the wrong thing to say.

George's eyes drop. "Oh."

He knows he's the one that pulled away but it hurts now. He wants to get closer. He wants to stop being so worried about Dream and about ruining friendships.

For once he lets himself do what he wants.

He grabs hold of George's slender waist, yanking him forward. It would have been romantic or hot or something had he remembered George isn't sitting on something solid.

The longboard under George's ass dips, dropping him unceremoniously and effectively ruining the moment.

George gives a little groan and a giggle. Sapnap can't help but snort too, leaning in and kissing him again anyways.

There's a hint of chapstick left on his mouth that he desperately wants to taste but he resists for now.

When he pulls away, he's breathless, pupils blown wide. They stay there together, breathing in the same air until the moment dissipates, leaving behind a tension between the two.

Sapnap stands, offering out a hand to George who takes it.

"Want me to grab the board?" He asks, stumbling up to his feet. Their knees brush, each touch electric.

"Nah I'll get it later."

"Okay," George holds out his arm, waiting for Sapnap to help him limp into the house. He takes ahold of him gently and they walk into the house together in silence. It's awkward and grows tenser by the second as they each wait for the other to say something. Sapnap is pretty sure he should be freaking out right now. First he kissed Dream, now he's kissed George, and he's not sure what he's feeling anymore for either of them. It's confusing and it's starting to feel more like he's landed himself in a giant mess but for once his brain is completely silent. The only thing he can think about is George hanging on his arm as they enter the house and how nice it feels to hold him up against his side.

They make their way to their shared bathroom and George takes a seat on the toilet while Sapnap fumbles for a first aid kit under the sink.

"Hey, Sap?"

He hums, turning his head towards George. Soft satin lips press to his one last time, sticky and sweet. George pulls away with a flutter of dark lashes. "Thanks."

*What is he thanking me for?* Sapnap asks himself, puzzled.

George's cheeks are pink as Sapnap removes an antiseptic wipe, cleaning his knee while he hissed. "I was really worried earlier. About you know. Us or whatever. So thanks for spending some time

with me.”

“Oh.” Yeah, that makes him feel like shit. He didn’t even realize he had been ignoring George so badly until tonight. He makes a resolve with himself to not let that happen again.

“I feel better now,” he smiles. It’s sickly sweet, doting, and warms him from the inside out.

He presses a kiss to George’s forehead. It’s domestic and something akin to desire and fear course through him.

George’s grin is goofy as he stands up, limping towards the door leading to his bedroom. “Wanna watch a movie with me still? Or maybe we can watch that show?”

Before he answers, he tastes his lips. The chapstick is sickeningly familiar.

“I think I’m gonna clean up outside and turn in, I’m so tired,” Sapnap shakes his head.

“Oh, okay,” George misses his shift in mood. “Good night then.”

“Night, Gogs,” he presses his lips into a thin imitation of a smile.

He waits for his bedroom door to shut before he sucks his bottom lip in between his teeth.

Realization dawns on him and as he exits the bathroom into the hallway. He stares at the door to the master bedroom at the end of the hallway that had stayed shut all night.

Fruit punch chapstick.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap begins to feel lost and confused, caught up between both Dream and George. After an emotional morning, he tries skating down a hill to burn off some energy and comes home to a surprise.

### Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long to write, personal stuff just kept coming up. I hope you enjoy reading! This is turning out way more angsty than I intended. If I stick with my outline there should only be about one or two more chapters left after this!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It can't... It can't mean anything.

Right?

It can't mean anything that George is wearing Dream's chapstick. It's probably just a coincidence. After all, he can recall times where he's had to borrow someone's chapstick before. In fact he's had to borrow his *mom's* before. It for sure doesn't mean they had to... what? kiss? to get it on.

But he's also kinda like... 90% sure they probably- definitely- did.

The entire scene plays out like a movie in his head. George walks up to Dream with his big pretty eyes, pouting and says 'I spwit my wip Dweamie, can I bowwow some chapstick?' and Dream goes 'yeah sure, Georgie! Anything for my George!'

But then the awful jealous part of him pictures Dream uncapping the stupid fruit punch chaptstick and putting it on himself. He pictures George unable to tear his eyes away from the little quirk of Dream's lips as he leans in, grabbing fistfulls of dark brown hair to pull him in, transferring it from his mouth to the other's with a searing kiss, the bite of the plastic tube digging into his side where Dream clutches it tightly and pulls him closer against his chest at the same time-

He stops himself with a snort.

What sort of cheap porno is this supposed to be?

Sapnap sneers at his own imagination, a huff of laughter escaping him at the ridiculousness of it all. If, by chance, George did end up wearing the chapstick from kissing Dream, it definitely didn't go down like some cheesy movie.

His amusement dies down as he thinks harder about the situation though and he stifles a groan.  
*What have I gotten into?*

It's so dumb. Why did he do this to himself? He knows damn well the two like each other and here

he is, kissing them both like he has a chance in hell with either one of them. The entire situation is nothing but a mess and what is worse is that if he had a do over for either night? He'd do it all over again.

There's a fresh ache in his chest when he thinks about George now, one that wasn't there before yesterday when he had the dumb idea to kiss him. It all was somehow better- easier- when he could convince himself he was only pining after Dream and it was a helluva lot easier to ignore George entirely but he can't exactly do that anymore. Not after he had shown up all sad and shit. It makes his heart clench to even think about ignoring him again after how hard it must have been for him to bring up his feelings in the first place.

But now there's a whole new problem. He can't just go around kissing all his friends. Who's next, Karl?

He crinkles his nose.

He doesn't want to kiss Karl. He wants to kiss Dream. And George. But that's the problem isn't it? You can't want to kiss two people. That's one too many.

He can't see any part of the situation he's in right now going very well for him.

Sapnap stretches a little, pulling his soft comforter closer. He really shouldn't have taken a nap mid-morning. It always makes him feel groggy and gross the rest of the day, but it's too late to change that now. He also missed breakfast, his stomach rumbling in disapproval as if he was going to starve to death and wither away if he didn't eat something soon.

He has to admit though, the nap was desperately needed. He hadn't slept the entire night, too caught up in a constant loop of Dream and George and chapstick and kissing and what it all means and why he kissed both of them in the first place and is he in love with them or is it just attraction or-

It was a spiral with no end to it.

Sapnap can't seem to manage to pull himself from the bed as much as he needs to get up now. The uncomfortable conversation waiting for him just beyond his door has him dragging his feet to delay it even for a second longer.

He tells himself he's going to talk to George no matter what. He's not going to let it simmer and grow stale and awkward like he did with Dream who he's pretty sure is avoiding him lately.

He's going to.

He really is.

The bed is warm though, making it hard to pull himself out of it. He tugs the blankets a little closer to his chest and wonders if it would feel the same to wake up in Dream's bed; if it would be just as overly warm and comfortable with the handsome blond beside him.

Sapnap shuffles a little bit, pulling his pillow down beside him. It's thick, almost as thick as Dream's chest, though not nearly firm enough. Still, he can almost imagine it's Dream as he rests his head against it, imagining the sense of absolute comfort that he's come to associate with being around the man.

*Ayo what the fuck.*



He backtracks quickly. He's *not* going there. He's not going to cuddle his stupid pillow and pretend it's Dream like some kind of love sick middle schooler with their first crush. Hell no.

Sapnap yanks the pillow back up to his headboard where it belongs and flops over just to be sure that won't happen again.

He can't help but think about George now though whenever he shifts his attention from Dream. It's like a game of tug of war and he's not sure who's winning anymore.

He doubts George's bed is this comfortable, it's too new. It needs to be broken in more, needs the dips and indents in it from repeatedly sleeping in the same spot and the blankets need more wear and washes so they'll grow softer. *But George would be comfortable*, he thinks. George would feel so nice wrapped up around him. Maybe they could share a pillow and-

Wow, he really didn't need to be thinking about them in bed. This isn't helping anything.

Sapnap rolls out of bed, forcing his mind to stay blank as he searches the floor for a shirt and a pair of shorts so he can go find breakfast, his head beginning to hurt from the lack of food and the endless slew of thoughts that never gave him a seconds reprieve.

Slowly after he shoves on the first decently clean pair of clothes he comes across, he creeps across his room and to the door, poking his head out to see if the person he had heard up just a bit ago is still lingering around. He hopes not.

"Good morning sleeping beauty."

He suppresses the urge to groan. He was hoping he could grab food undetected but it seems that is not going to happen.

"Good morning Georgie," Sapnap shoots him a smile instead. He's seated on the couch in the living room down the hall, peering quizzically towards the sound of his door opening. He looks really fucking cute in his hoodie and shorts- his clothing choices becoming a bit more bizarre the longer he's here in the unfamiliarity of the Florida heat. He claims the hoodies aren't too hot but pants are, leaving him in those particular shorts. The soft grey fabric is *very* short and thin, long slender legs tucked up underneath him as if he were perched on the couch like some kind of bird.

George can never sit still, already beginning to worm around the closer Sapnap gets, stretching out his legs to the side and fiddling with the string of his hoodie.

"What are you doing?" He asks, not looking at him. It feels awkward and Sapnap knows he needs to say something, bring up the kiss somehow and *talk* but just like with Dream, he can't bring himself to do it. The words stall in his mouth and clog up his throat with a hard lump, stopping him before he can so much as utter a single sentence.

For three people who can never seem to shut up, they sure don't talk about the important things.

"I think I'm gonna fix something to eat. Want anything?" He asks politely, ever the gentleman. His mama taught him to be polite after all, no matter how awkward he feels at the moment.

George shrugs, though the nonchalant-ness of the action seems forced. "Maybe. You know I've been learning how to cook a little better?"

Sapnap isn't too sure what he's supposed to do with this information. "... That's cool."

George narrows his eyes. "You're kind of dense sometimes, you know that?"

His face contorts with confusion. He hasn't been awake long enough to form a good comeback so he settles with, "the fuck did I do?"

"Could I make you something?" Pools of brown gaze up at him for the first time, hopeful.

Oh. ummmm....

Sapnap cringes internally. George isn't exactly known for his cooking skills. "... Are you hungry?"

"Yeah," George nods along, though it sounds more like he's just agreeing to get Sapnap to agree to it.

"Okay sure," he agrees with a healthy amount of trepidation. "If you're hungry too then sure I guess. What do you want?"

"I dunno, what do you want?" he relaxes back onto the couch some.

"Toast?" That seems simple enough. Less easy to mess up. All he would have to do is drop it in the toaster, turn the setting to two to three and press down on a lever. Easy stuff.

"Toast," he nods. "What else? Bacon? Eggs?"

His mouth watered a little at the thought but then he remembered George is cooking and has a penchant for burning things. He resists the urge to shutter at the thought of burnt eggs. "Umm. No thanks."

George rolls his eyes. "At least bacon?"

Oh no. "Sure," he nods to appease him.

George visibly lights up as he bounces off the couch and starts into the kitchen. "Alright bet, I'll go start!"

"Want help?" he calls after him.

"Nope! You sit there and look pretty."

He knows he's only teasing but damn, his cheeks still burn bright red.

Sapnap takes his spot on the couch, the fading warmth from George easing the chill to his skin from the room.

The entire situation is just...unusual. George wants to cook for him? Doesn't even want help? The man acts like a princess half the time. He doesn't even do his own laundry most days, preferring to toss it in with whoever's he can. He can't count how many times he's gone to grab a pair of his pants out of the basket only to find them too small to belong to him. He complains the entire time if he has to do a chore like vacuum, and most of the time if there are dishes to be done, he only does half before finding an excuse to leave.

He wonders if it's all because of that kiss last night. *Maybe it's George's weird way of courting me*, a more hopeful part of his brain suggests quickly. He desperately wants it to be true.

The more rational part of his brain berates him for it though soon after. George may think he's cute or something, hot enough to kiss or whatever, but they all three knew Dream was the one he was after. Sapnap couldn't even hold a candle to Dream. It's never gonna be him he chooses.

*Not him.*

*Not him.*

*Not him.*

He repeats it to himself until those two words don't even sound like words to him anymore, their meaning lost in the repetition.

A clang in the kitchen draws his attention back to George and his ill-fated cooking skills.

*Maybe it won't be too bad*, Sapnap thinks. *He's cooked steak before...*

The smoke alarms go off ten minutes later.

"George?" He yelps at the first loud blare ringing through their house in sharp trills.

"It's fine!" He calls though he sounds breathless. "It's fine... oh shit- wait, yeah, it's fine!"

Sapnap darts up anyways, rounding the corner and searching wildly for where the smoke is coming from.

The toaster is sitting on the cabinet, pillows of grey wafting out of it. George had two pieces of charred toast in his hands, still smoking as he tosses them onto the plate hurriedly.

He shakes the heat from his hands, looking to Sap. "Oh no." He mimics Sapnap's earlier thoughts.

"Wow George."

"Don't." He groans in disappointment. He flops his head down into his hands, hiding his face.

Sapnap can't help but giggle. He turns his attention to the sizzling pan of grease but there's no bacon to be found.

"Where's the--"

"I got scared," George sighs, gesturing without looking to the counter by the sink.

A pile of half cooked, half raw bacon sat on a pile of paper towels drenched in grease.

"Oh."

"Please," George begs, though giggles fall from his lips as he pushes his hair off his forehead with a little scream. "Just don't--"

Sapnap starts to speak over him, teasing drowned out by George yelling "Don't say anything!! Just don't say anything just don't say anything!" until he drops it.

Their boisterous yells die down save for the occasional chuckle from Sapnap. Soon all that's left is him, George, and the gross smell of burnt toast lingering between them.

"Where's Dream?" Sapnap asks suddenly, looking around the rest of their house. "Did he sleep through all that?" That would be a bit much even for Dream who could notoriously sleep through anything.

"No it's just us, he went to the store."

Oh.

*Oh.*

His face breaks out into a sly, shit-eating grin. “Gogy, were you waiting for me to get up so you could cook for me?”

He pieces it together quickly from George’s quickly reddening face. He wanted them to have a meal together all by themselves but Dream is the only one out of the three that is decent at cooking most things. He probably sat on the couch to wait and see if Sapnap would wake up in time.

He should have known it was bullshit that George was learning how to cook.

“Maybe,” he crosses his arms as if the blush on his face doesn’t give him away. “I needed a guinea pig.”

“Is this supposed to be romantic?” he coles, leaning in closer. He doesn’t have a size kink as bad as Dream does, but it’s certainly doing something to him the way he can so easily crowd George against the cabinets even though they’re the same height.

“No!” He cries, blush spreading to the tops of his ears and down his chest, disappearing under his hoodie. It’s cute the way he flushes so deeply at such an innocent remark.

“I... okay fuck off, this is what I get for trying to do something nice,” he pouts. And that’s even cuter, the way his cheeks get puffy and his lip juts out. “And maybe it was supposed to be a you and me kind of thing. I already ate this morning.”

“Why are you a bitch to me most of the time and then suddenly so sweet—”

“You’re an ass,” George giggles.

Sapnap wants to kiss him so bad. He doesn’t think much past that.

He leans over, pulling him closer. He doesn’t force it, giving George plenty of room to pull away. He doesn’t.

Sapnap presses a gentle, chaste kiss to his cheek, the soft skin warm from the embarrassment.

George rests a hand against his chest, not pushing him away or holding him there but simply to touch.

“Thank you anyways,” he hums against his cheek. “Even though I’m pretty sure if I eat this I’m gonna puke.”

“You’re welcome,” he grumbles, still so very embarrassed. Sapnap loves it. He loves him. He has to stop himself because he knows it doesn’t go both ways and once again he’s screaming at himself what is he doing here?

*Not him.*

He repeats it again to himself because the growing ache settling in the bottom of his heart is threatening to consume him completely in this very sweet, very domestic moment.

“Alright alright,” he groans. George pries himself away and starts towards his room. “Fix your own breakfast, I’m gonna go edit.”

They both know that's a lie. He's not gonna edit for at least another week if he can't badger him or Dream into editing for him. It's an excuse to get away.

As much as Sapnap enjoys watching him squirm, he lets him go.

"Have fun."

"Thanks."

He giggles to himself at how George disappears into his room after that, cheeks still pink.

Sapnap is still on the couch, an empty plate of what was (not) burnt toast still sitting in his lap. He's long since lost interest in the tv but the click of the front door draws his attention from his phone.

It swings open, Dream stepping in with a few bags from the grocery store slung over one arm. He looks vaguely winded, shooting Sapnap a thin-lipped smile in greeting. "Hey."

"Hi," he replies weakly.

If things were awkward between him and George, it's torturous between him and Dream at times.

A pang courses through him as his best friend goes straight to the kitchen and ducks behind the wall that had once been obscuring George as he tried to cook.

A moment of silence and then, "what's up with the bacon?"

Sapnap snorts out a laugh. "George tried to cook."

He can hear the fondness in Dream's voice as he simply says "idiot."

The tension between them that was so thick it could be cut with a knife breaks some, allowing him to breathe a little easier.

There's only the rustle of the bags and the generic sound of an action show to fill the silence and while it isn't awkward, it's still slightly tense as if they were both waiting on the other to say something first.

For once he kind of wishes George would come in and distract Dream to ease the growing discomfort. That is probably the best thing about George, the way he could brush past the walls the other two boys put up with such ease.

A soft mewl pulls his attention from Dream down to the sweet kitten at his feet, awoken from the sounds of Dream coming home and ready for attention.

"Hey, pretty baby what are you doing out here?" Sapnap asks, bending down to pet Patches.

She presses into his legs, rubbing up against him. She's so soft he just wants to bury his whole face in her fur.

He crawls into the floor to pet her better, her little back arching into every soft scratch, purring gently.

Dream chuckles, "I'm putting up food, what are you doing, baby?"

He tells himself he's not going to blush, throwing an ugly glance over his shoulder at Dream who snickers as he peeks his head out from behind the wall to see the effects of his shameless flirting first hand. "I was talking to the cat."

Well shit. So much for not blushing. He hates it but he's pretty sure Dream is blushing too so it's okay. As long as he's not the only one.

"So you won't call me a pretty baby?" He flirts. Dream steps out from behind the wall properly to peer down at him. He can feel his green eyes tracking down his body, stopping on his ass.

"No I don't think so," Sapnap sits on his haunches promptly, never stopping the gentle scratches he was giving the cat now purring at his feet. "Dream I want you to know, if I have to save you and it comes down between you or Patches, it's gonna be Patches."

Dream frowns, a half emptied bag still clutched in hand. "You'd sacrifice me for the cat?"

"In a heartbeat," Sapnap nods solemnly.

This is better. He doesn't know what changed so quickly for the mood to do a complete 180 but he missed this playful flirting desperately. He misses Dream. He's been avoiding him since the kiss and it's killing him even though it's only been a few days.

"I would... okay well no but..." he trails off and then changes the subject. "Are you gonna hang out in here for a bit?"

Sapnap shrugs. "Maybe. Why?"

"I'll hang with you. If you want."

He eyes Dream for a moment. "Really?"

Dream at least had the decency to look sheepish. "Really. Can I?"

As if the answer would ever be no. He doesn't think he could tell Dream no to anything.

Before he can answer, Dream is already sliding down into the floor next to him, a hand buried in Patches' soft fur.

A shock coursed up his fingertips when their hands grazed. He did his best to not jerk, electrified down to his spine from such a simple touch.

Dream's eyes are trained on the cat, playfully getting her tummy so she would grab at his hand, biting at his thumb. He doesn't mention the way Sapnap reacted to him but he knows he noticed. He can tell from the way his body shifts ever so slightly, both of them able to read the other so easily after living together for so many months.

He waits for some inevitable shoe to drop. As if Dream is going to turn to him and bring up the kiss or something and they're going to have to have an awkward conversation but it doesn't ever come.

Sapnap relaxed back some, content to play with their baby and spend some time with her other daddy. He guesses.

Something about calling Dream daddy makes him squirm so he directs his attention to Patches.

She's adorable rolled over on her back, biting and nipping at Dream.

"Get 'em," he huffs out a laugh at a particularly hard bite, cheering her on while Dream pouts.

"Don't encourage her to bite me, what's wrong with you?"

"It's cute," he justifies.

Dream grumbles.

She tires of the play soon. She's not the most playful, choosing instead to cuddle and lounge and steal food most of the time. She lets them know she's done and requests pets again not long after they have begun playing.

Dream gives him a sly grin out the corner of his eye and the hand that was on Patches is now in his hair, ruffling it the same way he had been doing to her just seconds ago.

Sapnap bats him away with a giggle, slapping at each other's hands. "Get off."

Dream mumbles something he can't make out and he doesn't really care what he has to say right now. One second he's hitting his hands away and the next, Dream is throwing his arms around his neck and his back is to the ground.

It's not often the older man wants to play fight, so Sapnap goes in for it without question. They're clawing and pushing at each other, breathless laughs thrown every time one of them gets in a good push, careful not to hurt the other.

Dream manages to get the upper hand, throwing long legs over Sapnap's hips, trying to pin him.

He never gives up during a fight *ever*, but Dream gets so *intense*. His eyes seem to glow with pride, eagerness, cockiness. He's so sure of himself and Sapnap can see it in his every move, the way his feral grin stretches over too sharp of teeth and an even sharper tongue. Dream grabs for his wrists growling "submit! Surrender! Tap out!"

"No!" He shouts back at each order but his movements stall. There's something about the pretty blond with freckles and fangs leering down at him, ass seated so firmly on his abdomen that it makes him pause and sure enough Dream sees the moment for weakness and grabs his wrists pinning him down to the floor.

Panting, he grins victoriously. "I win."

"You win." He replies a little dumbly, too transfixed to care.

"Tap out."

He raps his knuckles on the floor, trying to hide how labored his breathing is becoming. But wow has anyone told Dream how pretty he is like this? This angle suits him and his sharp jaw. The light just nearly catches on the stubble there, only slightly darker than the rest of his hair.

He's simping so hard right now.

He wants to kiss him too.

Dream's grin falters and a shift in his gaze from Sapnap's eyes down to his mouth tells him he feels it too. Sapnap squirms against his hold, trying to bring him closer but is met with unrelenting strength.

It's Dream who closes the distance, leaning down to kiss him so hard it knocks the air from his lungs.

He whimpers- fucking *whimpers*- with need, kissing him back just as hard. It's searing and he's greedy for it, sticking his tongue in his mouth and trying to swallow him whole. There's aggression to it from their roughhousing and days of distance but underneath that is pure hunger.

He licks and sucks, all gnashing teeth that nip everywhere they can reach. They don't stop until his body screams for air and even then he lets it go on until Dream is the one to pull away, both breathing hard to catch themselves.

His eyes are half lidded and Sapnap imagines he probably looks the same. He wants more. He moves to trap Dream with a leg hooked around his thigh pressed in between them but a ding of a phone stops him.

Fucking George.

He knows it's him before Dream even checks his messages. His eyes widen fully, staring down at Sapnap like the world's ending.

"Fuck," he sits up. The loss of warmth is immediate and his head spins as Dream pulls away and off. His back hits the couch with a hard thump. "Fuck, Sapnap."

Sapnap's not sure what he is supposed to say with the way Dream is obviously spiraling right now so he stays quiet.

His stomach twists, watching him run his fingers through his golden hair, curling through the locks and tugging meanly.

Sapnap places a gentle hand on his thigh, clothed in soft basketball shorts that block him from touching his skin but Dream jerks away as soon as he does it. His eyes widen at how Sapnap's face falls and whispers. "I'm sorry."

Sapnap opens his mouth to respond but no words come to him. He feels like he just monumentally fucked up but he's not sure how.

"I'm sorry," he says one more time. Sapnap can hear how much he means it and that somehow hurts even more. He doesn't stop him as he disappears down the hallway and into the room.

The door shutting is like a slap in the face.

Sapnap pulls himself from the floor, winded and shocked at the events that just transpired.

All he can ask himself is what the actual fuck is going on anymore?

George tries to fix him a romantic nice breakfast, Dream comes home and presses him into the floor like he's about to get his back blown out and then apologizes? And all the while he knows, okay, *he knows*, how in love they are with each other. There is no other explanation for how they act around each other.

Nothing is making sense anymore. He curls in on himself, more unsure than ever.

He can't bring himself to move, frozen in place as he catches his breath. It takes everything in him to calm down but he manages it eventually, forcing his thoughts into a semi cohesive mess.



A dark, evil thought invades his mind once he gets himself more under control.

They couldn't be messing with him... right?

Imagining their faces laughing at him in such a way makes him queasy.

But they aren't that kind of people. No matter how much of absolute shits they can both be, they aren't cruel. It's not like they know about his feelings (he doesn't even really know what he's feeling), they somehow know about their feelings for each other (unlikely, they're morons), and in some cruel twisted joke, they're both trying to mess with him. They're his best friends. No matter how mean their teasing can get or how far the jokes go, he can't see it ever going that far.

They wouldn't.

But that doesn't help him understand where he stands though, or what's going on, or why they're both kissing him or the other way around.

And the fucking chapstick.

He bites on his bottom lip, thinking. It occurs to him that maybe neither one of them know shit. Dream is denser than he is most of the time and that's saying something. What are the odds he knows he's in love with George? And what are the chances they know he's kissed both of them? He can't picture either of them talking about it with each other.

Sapnap feels his shoulders begin to shrink in, hunkering down in his confusion and uncertainty. He really wishes Dream would explain himself right about now so he doesn't have to sit here and feel like he's done something wrong. Or maybe he did do something wrong but then Dream needs to get his ass back out here so he can apologize.

He wonders if that's how George felt for so long because of him.

Whatever. He needs to get up and move. Go do something. Nervous, icky energy is coursing through his entire body now, anxious and overwhelming. It fills in all the crevices in his body down to his fingertips, coating his insides with a horribly dread.

Sapnap turns his eyes to Dream's room but the door is firmly shut. It wouldn't surprise him if it was even locked.

He doesn't want to go be around George right now either. He doesn't even want to be in the house anymore.

He pushes out of the floor and cautiously makes his way to his room, grabbing the first pair of sneakers he sees. The phrase *when in doubt skate it out* pops into his brain and he curls his lip up at such a cheesy line.

Sapnap keeps his eyes trained on the floor this time as he exits his room and goes to the garage, grabbing the longboard without a second thought. He doesn't stop to pet Patches as much as her little mewls of protest pain him and he doesn't glance at either of his best friend's doors on his way out, uncaring if they're open or not.

He slaps the board to the pavement and hardly puts his foot in the correct position before he's kicking off, in a hurry to put some distance between him and the other two.

The vibes are off as he starts to skate this time and he's not sure if it's because 1. He's distracted, 2. He feels like he's fucked up, 3. because he's dumb as fuck for kissing not one but two of his best

friends, or 4. because it's hotter than a motherfucker and the guilt sitting in his stomach is curdling in the heat making him feel sick.

It's probably a bit of everything.

It's also probably dumb to leave like that but he's going to anyway. He can save dealing with Dream another time.

Sapnap doesn't pay attention to where he's headed, simply cruising down the different streets surrounding their neighborhood.

He curses himself when he realizes he forgot his headphones in such a rush, stopping only long enough to hit play on his spotify and keep going. It makes his music sounds janky blaring from his phone in his pocket but it's the best he's got. Otherwise, he has to cruise in silence and he doesn't think he could handle that right now.

The sun is sweltering, sweat dripping down his face and matting down his hair. He's glad there aren't too many people out right now, knowing he looks like a gross mess but he pushes past all that and focuses on forgetting.

He loses himself in the repetitive kicks, finding comfort in the familiar motions of carving and pushing down the street. After a while he doesn't even hear his janky ass phone speaker rattling around in his pocket and slowly he drags his gaze from the road to the houses around him. While he cruises he admires the scenery, enjoying the occasional palm tree that dots the neighborhoods and the greenery of summer with all the pretty plants and flowers planted in cute front yards.

Finally, nearly an hour later and two near falls, he tires himself out. Sapnap slowly breaks, coming to a stop sign, and looks around, finally taking stock in where he actually was.

With a start, he realizes he's on the road leading out of their neighborhood.

His mind drifts to that hill that is now just up the street from him, the one he imagines carving down every time he drives down it.

He feels exceptionally better now that there's a tiredness in his bones. It's a false sense of control he gains from this board but it makes him feel so much better when he has it. He's seriously going to have to go back to that skate shop one day and thank that cute guy that helped him with it.

With a quick decision, he plops down on a curb, sidewalk burning his ass even through his shorts, and whips out his phone.

First, he googles "*How to go downhill on a longboard*", reading the search results and watching the videos that popped up with it. He gets the general gist of it... kind of. Then he googles "*what does love feel like*" and he thinks that's dumb so he closes out before the page even loads. He goes back to the videos, people explaining to bend his knees and where to put his weight and he googles "*polyamory*" and shuts that window before he even hits search because that's not an option for them.

*Not him*, his mind supplies unhelpfully like a stab to his heart.

He doesn't care anymore. He pushes the thought of George and Dream out of his brain completely and stands, not finishing the rest of the instructional video. He's about to bomb his first hill and it's gonna be awesome no matter what.

The hill is up around the bend and so he gets back on his board, ignoring the weariness in his

knees, and starts heading that way. Every push that takes him closer to that hill, he feels the buildup of excitement and another emotion he can't quite pin down. He can't even see it from here but he knows it's gonna be steep. He can't imagine how fast he's going to go down it.

Thrumming with energy, he makes it around the bend and the hill comes into view.

The hill is way steeper than he imagined in the car but it doesn't look too scary just yet.

Still, his heart is hammering in his ears and he thinks his legs might be shaking a little bit but he's too numb to tell. Adrenaline is already spiking under his skin and it feels a bit like when Dream is touching him or George is giving him that stare.

He sets the longboard down on the rough, harsh road once again, a promise of a bad time under his wheels if he falls. His mind drifts back to last night with George, kissing his busted knee better.

He wonders if he fell now, would George do the same for him.

... Sapnap briefly entertains the idea of falling just to see. He wanted George to take his hand in his and press sweet kisses to his torn up palms, graze his lips against a deep purple bruise to his shin, a hot open mouth pant against his thigh-

*Stop it, he warns himself. If you're daydreaming about Georgie you're gonna bust your ass.*

He shakes his arms out as if to relieve the tension, adjusting the positioning of his board one last time before he kicks off.

He only has the chance to push twice before he's rolling down the hill.

At first, he thinks *damn this isn't as steep as I thought it was*.

He's almost dissatisfied until he's rolling and rolling and fuck it's not stopping and he doesn't know how to stop just like the rest of his life he guesses.

He should have bought safety gear. The thought flashes through his mind as he begins gaining speed and he realizes he also doesn't know how to stop necessarily but now he's going too fast to do anything about either of those things.

Fuck what did the video say about positioning? Isn't he supposed to be bending his knees? He tries but he's too locked up.

He can feel the wind whipping around him, heart pounding erratically in his ears. The board beneath him wobbles from the speed, threatening to dump him completely, and shit his knees are shaking, he's terrified. He's terrified of his feelings and the board and Dream and George and it's gonna hurt so goddamn bad to fall going this fast and that doesn't apply exclusively to skating and god why isn't he slowing down he's going even faster-

He bails.

He jumps from the board, the hard ground sending full body jolts up his heels. His knee gives out from the force, dropping him onto the burning pavement, black tar scorched from the summer sun. The skin on his palms rips, the blood sickly warm against his already burning hands. And of course, by the time he glances up, his fucking board is all the way at the bottom of the hill already, rolling straight off the road and into the grass surrounding it.

Sapnap lets out a shaky breath he didn't know he had been holding.

He sits there, breathing. He's pretty sure he might end up with burns soon from how hot the ground beneath him is but he can't bring himself to stand just yet.

The more he thinks about it the more scared he gets.

He has to get up, he knows he has to. He knows this! It's harder to get up if you just lay there in pain but he *can't*.

The crunch of gravel soon alerts him to a car just behind him, coming to a polite stop and waiting for him to pry himself off the road. With no choice left, he's forced off the ground. Every muscle in his body screams in protest as he wobbles to his feet, visibly shaking.

He gives them as much of a friendly wave in thanks as he can manage with his least injured hand and limps to the side to let them pass.

The car rolls slowly past him.

God, he's such an idiot.

Making the trek down the hill is horrible. His entire body aches now and he can already see a bruise forming on his hip when he pulls the band of his shorts away from his purpling skin. He thinks his knee might also be a little messed up but there's not much he can do about it now.

When he finally makes it down and can grab his board, he just stops and stares at the long, never-ending stretch of road in front of him leading back home. He really, really, *really* doesn't want to make the journey back, he thinks miserably.

Sapnap's shaking fingers fumble for his phone, opening his messages. He should call Dream to come to get him. George can't drive and he shudders to think of him behind a wheel but Dream is perfectly capable of coming to get him. No matter how weird it is between them right now, if he is in trouble and needs help, Dream wouldn't hesitate. And he thinks he might kind of be in trouble with the way he hurts right now.

Images of his face flashed through his mind though when he got that message from George earlier. How he looked so regretful for ever kissing Sapnap again when the love of his life is down the hall from him. And how he apologized afterward is still gnawing on him.

The guilt in the bottom of his stomach grows, threatening to overtake him completely. He has to talk to them, *both* of them. He needs to apologize to Dream for earlier, or at least tell him it's okay. He should tell him the kissing, both times, was a mistake and it won't happen again and then he needs to do the same with George. And after he tells them that he should... he *has to* tell them to go for each other because they're so in love. He has to tell them they would be so perfect together and to stop being oblivious idiots.

He should have done that before he ever left in the first place but it's too late for that now.

His fingers hover over Dream's name before he puts his phone away completely. He can't right now. He just can't. He needs more time before he has to go home and break his own heart.

Something wet slides down his cheek and belatedly he realizes it isn't sweat.

Furiously Sapnap wipes away his tears.

It's so fucked up. He can't cry for doing this to himself, he knew they were in love long before he ever acknowledged his feelings for either one of them. He should have buried it. He should have

called the cute guy at the skate shop and went on a date with someone who isn't in love with their best friend and kissed him instead. But he isn't Dream and he isn't George and he knows he wouldn't have been enough.

Sapnap scoops up his board and tucks it against his side. The rough grip tape scratches his skin and sticks to his shirt but he ignores it as he begins the long walk home.

By the time he's walking up to his driveway, he hurts all over inside and out. There's a half-baked form of a plan in his mind and he sets his board down with a determination, walking into the house.

It's quiet, but that's not unusual this time of day, especially knowing George is supposedly editing right now.

He grabs a desperately needed drink and bandages his palms up, glad to have invested in band-aids when he first started skating. There's not much he can do about his knee or hip but he will be alright. *Just walk it off* he reminds himself. He wishes he could walk off his feelings too.

So he doesn't stink too badly, he at least puts on different clothes that aren't drenched in sweat and wipe the remnants of his activities off with his dirty t-shirt. He's stalling a little, spraying cologne and putting on deodorant but he doesn't want to look like shit and smell like shit while he feels like shit too. It would simply be too much shit.

He snorts weakly at his own thoughts.

Once he's fully dressed and slightly more prepared, he sticks his head out the door once more and glances down the hallway.

Dream's door is slightly ajar, indicating he's home. Sapnap supposes some small part of him had hoped he wouldn't be so he could delay the inevitable a while longer.

A plain white door has never looked more ominous.

Sapnap does what he can to brace himself, promising he won't cry anymore over this as he creeps down the hallway.

Once he's to the door he knows it's time.

"Hey Dream?" he calls, knocking slightly on the door before he pokes his head in. He's sure if he didn't want anyone to come in the door would be shut at least.

He is so, so wrong.

The scene that greets him is certainly a sight.

Sapnap stares at the two wrapped up on the bed in dumbfounded shock.

The first thing he registers is miles of bare skin, tan shoulders taught with muscles that flex as his arms support him on the bed. Dream's shirt is tossed over the headboard, hanging on by its sleeve.

The second thing he notices is George pinned underneath him, eerily similar to how Sapnap had been earlier that day, hoodie rucked up under his arms.

Treacherous envy spikes through to his very soul. He doesn't see Dream making a big deal out of it when George is the one in his position.

He feels like he's burning up from the inside out.

Why did he make it such a big deal earlier? He wants to ask him. He wants to ask why can't it be him? Why can't it be him that Dream holds so tightly or the one George chooses?

Man is he pathetic.

"Hey Sap," Dream sits up quickly, face fire truck red.

He surprises himself with how steady his voice comes out. "Sorry," he says curtly and shuts the door.

"Sapnap!" George yelps, muffled by the slab of wood separating them now.

He doesn't listen.

This is what he wanted all this time right? They're together. He didn't even have to talk with either of them about it or push them towards each other. He didn't have to break his own heart and tell them it was a mistake when he didn't really think it was. He didn't have to have awkward conversations. He didn't have to avoid them anymore by skating.

Right?

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

## Bonus chapter

### Chapter Summary

Taking place during the events of chapter 3, while Sapnap is out skating his frustration with Dream away and going downhill, George and Dream talk and Sapnap finds them in a compromising position.

### Chapter Notes

Woo I didn't take forever to update! I don't know why I wrote this but I thought it would be fun to include some context to Dream and George's relationship. I hope you enjoy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George knew what it was like to lay in bed with Dream exactly twice. His sheets smell like his favorite cologne and laying in his arms is a bliss unlike any other. He had never slept better in his life.

George knew what it was like to shower with him once. Wholesomely of course but still. He got to lovingly wash his hair and giggle stupidly while they passed a sudsy loofah between them and push each other when one stares for too long.

George knew what it was like to hold him and kiss him and love him for almost a week. It's everything he's ever wanted. Well, almost everything anyways.

And in the end, George knew it was coming before Dream even said the words.

He thinks maybe he should fight it. Tell Dream it's not fair, that they've been doing this flirty, not-relationship for a week now and pining for even longer and he deserves more than a simple, uneventful week before Dream leaves him for someone else. He deserves a real date at least, maybe two or three. The closest they got was the dinner that had been just him and Dream while Sapnap was out at the skate shop where Dream first kissed him.

But the worst part of it all? He can't even be mad about it because he understands what it's like to want two people at once. The same person even.

George isn't sure if he wants to scream or cry. Maybe a little of both would do him some good. Or better, pretend he didn't feel anything at all. If he pretends long enough maybe it will come true.

The phone tossed haphazardly out in front of him lights up, the flicker of movement catching his attention.

**Dream:** r u busy

**George:** I'm editing

**Dream:** liar. Can we talk?

George really hates those three words. *Can we talk?* Nothing good ever comes from *can we talk*. And he already knows what Dream has to say.

The familiar sound of the garage door opening squeals through his room.

He sets the phone down with a huff, not answering immediately. Instead, he turns his gaze out to his favorite window in the house.

It makes him feel a bit like a creep, doing this, but it's something he's indulged in for the past two months now and he doesn't see himself stopping anytime soon.

Besides, it's not like... creepy-creepy. It's only a little weird to stare at your best friend for hours while he skates around the same slab of sidewalk almost every night.

He thinks.

He doesn't know for sure if it's that weird or not and he doesn't care all that much, it's not something he would ever admit to doing anyway.

The first night it happened was months ago now, back when he first moved here and was still jet-lagged to all hell. He had woken up furious, staring out his window to figure out what the hell was making all that noise so late at night, and low and behold, it's Sappnap and his skateboard. That's when he discovered that the way his window faces gives him a perfect view of the driveway and unlimited access to watch Sappnap play around on his board.

What started out as watching him for one sleepless night soon turned into just about every night. Sappnap is so cute when no one is watching. Without an audience, he's not nearly as shy or reserved, and he doesn't ever seem to care how hard he falls when attempting a new trick. He's in his own little world out there. Sometimes when he's really into it, he sings just loud enough that George can barely hear him through the walls, bobbing his head along with the music while he skates. The loud clicks of the wheels hitting the sidewalk have kept him company since.

That night he and Dream spent together really nearly killed him.

He wonders if they know he saw everything. If they caught him watching from his window and wordlessly begging to be invited out there too.

Even now, his heart clenches violently in his chest to think about it. It felt a little too much like he was back home but instead of watching his two best friends hang out and laugh and have fun through a screen he's trapped in his room behind a dirty window. Suddenly they both feel just as unattainable as before.

It almost reminds him of their meetup when Sappnap had hung up on him so he didn't get to hear him meet Dream in real life for the first time except this is even worse because in all reality he *could* go out there. He's here! He can touch them! And talk to them whenever he wants! He's just not so sure he's invited now.

Once again, it's Dream and Sappnap ... and George, rather than the three of them together.

He knows he shouldn't feel this way. He can't be jealous that they're hanging out without him. He doesn't have to be invited to every little moment between the two and that very thought kept him rooted in his spot. Besides, he had thought solemnly at the time that Sappnap was angry with him or something. He avoided George for days, ignoring him endlessly and favoring Dream at every turn.



So, George gave in to his fate of being an outsider, laid his head in his arms on the desk, and watched as he's always done. He didn't even flinch when the two kissed just hours after he and Dream had at the dinner Sapnap missed. He could still taste the chapstick Dream wore that now laced Sapnap's lips. It felt inevitable.

Today Sapnap seems distraught. George cocks his head to the side, wondering what changed since he had seen him at the... breakfast incident. Sapnap had seemed as happy and annoying as ever just hours ago. Now he slaps his longboard down on the ground hard with an aggression that's rarely seen from the youngest and all but throws himself on it.

He watches him skate away until he's out of view from the window. He kind of hates that board too. Sapnap spends more time on it than with George but how in the world is he actually going to be jealous over an inanimate object?

Five minutes go by, then ten and he realizes Sapnap probably isn't coming back anytime soon.

With a deep sigh, he realizes he needs to answer Dream.

**George:** sure. Be there in a minute

Dream doesn't answer, leaving him on read.

George nervously picks at the edges of his hoodie sleeves, nails digging into the ribbed fabric bunching at his wrists. He wishes it was still morning and he was waiting like an idiot for Sapnap to wake up. He wishes he could hear his laugh again even if it's at him in that warm, overly flirty way that makes him blush without fail. He wishes he could get to feel his lips one last time.

He's been making a lot of wishes lately.

George has never been too good at the whole self-sacrificing thing but he's going to try for the sake of all of them.

He pulls himself from his desk, inching towards Dream's room and picturing iron walls going up around his heart as if the mental imagery would do anything to protect him. It doesn't really matter in the end what defenses he puts up, one look from Dream would have them all crashing down in an instant.

Every step he takes is small but he's quickly running out of room and time to stall before he's standing outside his door.

With one final moment to brace himself, he pushes the door open like he's done so many times before, slipping inside.

Dream is waiting for him on his bed, sitting nearly on the pillows resting at the top of it with ample room for George to take a seat next to him.

Usually, he would without a second thought. Now he almost asks if he could just stand for this.

Dream's big, puppy dog eyes turn up to him. He's only mildly surprised to see tears already gathering at the corners, dampening long, pretty lashes that make him look ethereal.

He shouldn't be allowed to look pretty right now. His shirt shouldn't look clean and nice, his hair shouldn't be perfectly messy, and he shouldn't be allowed to look at George with those crystal clear green eyes that seem to convey every emotion he ever feels.

“Hey Georgie,” his voice is quiet and deep.

“Hey,” he mumbles back, forcing himself to take a seat next to him. The bed dips, and he can’t look at the headboard because then he remembers the way his knuckles had knocked against it one morning in his sleep, jarring him awake, and how Dream had taken his hand in his and rubbed the skin there soothingly until they both fell back asleep.

He remembers it anyway, sliding his own thumb over his knuckles in a mockery of Dream’s.

“Umm... what have you been up to?”

George resists rolling his eyes. He doesn’t have the capacity for chit chat about their days right now. “Just say it.”

His tone is harsher than he intends it to be and he cringes internally. He doesn’t want to sound mad, he’s really not.

Or at least he’s trying not to be.

Dream’s face falls at that. His next words are pained, agony lacing his every breath as he utters “I can’t do this with you.”

There it is. He had been wondering how he would phrase it. He thought Dream might choose something more along the lines of ‘it’s me not you’ or ‘we can still be friends but-’ or some other variant of letting him down easy but this works too.

No matter how much he tried to brace himself, those words still tore open his heart.

George gives him a bittersweet smile. “I know.”

He lets Dream reach out, running big, comforting hands up the lengths of his arms. Even through the fabric, his touch is electrifying. “I’m sorry.”

“I know that too, Dreamie,” his voice is wet sounding even to his own ears. It takes everything in him to choke down the tears threatening to spill over.

Dream stares at him and he looks away quickly, unwilling to let him see the overflowing emotion completely taking over. It’s not like him, he knows it’s not like him, and it only makes Dream stare harder.

At least he’s been told before he’s a pretty crier. Maybe Dream will notice that too.

He mentally shakes himself. He shouldn’t care what Dream thinks about his appearance in a time like this, no matter how much some small part of him still preens at the thought of him finding him attractive.

“I... George,” he whines, as if he knew what the answer should be any more than Dream did.

If he had it his way, he wouldn’t be sitting in Dream’s bed having this conversation in the first place.

“It’s okay,” he stresses. It’s a lie and a half but he’s willing to say anything to make Dream feel better right now.

“I love you though.”

“You love *him* .”

He knows why Dream is rejecting him right now. How could he not? It’s hard not to notice how much he adores Sapnap. It’s hard not to adore him in general. “I do too. And I think he has feelings for you too. I don’t want to get in the way of something that started long before I came along. Even if we’ve had a thing going or whatever.”

A *thing*. That’s what their not-relationship has been reduced down to. The few late nights snuggled in bed together after Sapnap has gone to sleep, the single shower and so very few soft mornings spent dotting on each other. They were together for not even a week, he’s had leftovers last longer than they have but it still felt.... he doesn’t know... important. After the two months of tension and years of pining.

Meaningful. Fulfilling.

A *thing*.

He’s not oblivious though. He can see the way Sapnap looks to Dream like he hung the moon. Or the way Dream fawns over him in a way that’s similar to how he simps for George but so very different at the same time. And what is two months with George compared to nearly a year with Sapnap? Apparently, it’s a *thing*.

Sapnap has the advantage here. He’s had more time with Dream, lived together longer, he makes him laugh more, he’s the person he goes to for everything. George can hardly compare.

They weren’t exclusive either. He’s just as guilty of having feelings for the dumb raven as Dream is, he’s just not quite as loud about it. Maybe if he was, he wouldn’t be in this situation.

Sometimes he wishes he hadn’t come here at all. He doesn’t know which hurts more, being an ocean apart or having everything he’s ever wanted to be ripped out of his hands.

But there he goes wishing again.

George looks away, forcing back the tears that threatened to spill from him. He looks to anything to distract him: the dark blue walls, the fan art pinned near his computer, the pile of dirty clothes at the bottom of the bed.

“I kissed him,” Dream blurts out, all but begging to get George to look at him again. He can hear it in his voice and helplessly, he complies. “I kissed Sapnap. Twice. Once the other night and then just a little bit ago.”

George already knows about the first kiss. He had seen it all unfold as if through a screen.

Dream gauges his mood, searching his face for any indication towards how he’s feeling before quietly asking, “are you mad?”

George shrugs. He doesn’t really have the right to be mad when he’s done the same things with the same person. “No.”

George doesn’t mention the fact that he’s also kissed Sapnap today. Well, let him kiss his cheek. Or that he kissed him yesterday night too, multiple times. All it would do is cause more problems while they are trying to solve them.

He stares down at his still bandaged knee, remembering how Sapnap had taken care of him that night.

“It’s okay if you are.”

“I’m really not Dream. Promise.”

“... Okay.”

Dream gives a deep sigh, looking a little lost.

“What’s wrong?”

George got the feeling there is something more bugging Dream than just him breaking George’s heart.

“I... it’s nothing.”

He doesn’t believe him for a second and Dream knows it.

They sit in an awkward silence before the younger cracks and tells him what’s bothering him. “I hurt his feelings. Badly. I know I did. We started... I don’t know, we started making out and then you texted me and it just felt so wrong. But then I stopped and God, you should have seen his face. And then I apologized and made it even worse,” Dream rubs at his face. “I fucked up so bad.”

That must have been why Sapnap left the way he did. It makes sense, giving reasoning to his distress.

George takes in all the new information and cautiously thinks it through. “I think it’ll be okay. It’s Sapnap. Just apologize and explain why you acted the way you did.”

Dream nods along and then his whole face falls once again. “I shouldn’t even be talking to you about this,” he whimpers, wrapping his arms around his abdomen. “I’m sorry.”

“You can’t just quit talking to me just because you don’t love me,” he snaps, his words are bitter and annoyed. He can handle not getting a relationship with Dream, he can handle not getting a relationship with Sapnap, but he’ll be damned if either of them ices him out after this. “We’re still friends. Right?”

“Georgie, that’s where you’re wrong. I do love you. I love both of you-“

“I’ll be alright,” George lies with a shrug. “I swear.”

He will be. After all, he’s only losing out on the two greatest people he’s ever known.

“It’s just not fair to you,” Dream finishes despite the interruption. “You shouldn’t be with me knowing I love someone else too.”

That does him in. He doesn’t even realize he’s crying until Dream wipes away his tears with such gentleness it makes him cry even harder.

He’s so selfish. He can’t stop himself.

George lets himself be guided into Dream’s arms, the same arms he’s only had the luxury of sleeping in a few times now. He rests his head against his neck, closing his eyes until he can reign himself in.

“Dream?” He whimpers softly.

“What baby?”

He wants to growl not to call him that when he’s being rejected but he knows Dream didn’t mean it in a cruel way. He only meant it to be comforting. Still, it’s a harsh reminder that the sweet name he’s grown so fond of he won’t hear again after tonight.

“Will you do something for me?”

“Anything,” Dream nods earnestly. George knew his answer before he asked though. He knows Dream would do anything for him.

“... What is it?” he prompts.

George doesn’t answer, leaning in to kiss him softly instead.

Dream lets him, moving soft lips in a kiss that starts as chaste and quick and melts into something more desperate. This is the first and last time he’ll get to have this, he better make the most of it.

A tiny sound leaves his lips akin to a moan but not quite. It’s embarrassing but Dream sucks in a deep breath in response, pulling him closer.

He really hates that the one and only time he’s going to get this, there’s going to be snot clogging his nose and his eyes are itchy with unshed tears. His body feels hollow as he runs his fingers through Dream’s hair, pulling through the knots.

Dream completely melts into the touch.

George takes the lead, pulling the puddle of a man over him. The bed creaks softly as he lays back against the pillows. He can feel his overly long brown curls fan out around him as the weight of his partner settles over him.

Only then does he seem to piece together what George is asking for.

“Georgie.”

The way he says his name sounds more like no.

“Please?” He doesn’t want to beg but he will if he has to.

Dream hesitates as if he wants to pull away and a whole new wave of doubt washes over him.

“Do you... do you not want to?” George asks quietly.

He wouldn’t ever force Dream to touch him, not in a million years. But would it be too much to ask of his almost-boyfriend just once before he dumps him for their best friend? Of all the things he never got with Dream, this is one of them and it’s a good of a time as any on the cusp of their breakup while Sapnap is out of the house.

Dream doesn’t move.

George brings his arms closer to himself, growing more humiliated the longer Dream ignores his question. His silence is beginning to sound like no too.

It doesn’t take long for George to spiral.

Is it something he did? Or the way he looks? He knows he’s not Sapnap. He’s not handsome in the

same way as him, he's not dressed the nicest right now either and maybe his hair is a little too long, and what if Dream doesn't like his scruff what if he wanted him to shave or-

"What?" Dream yelps. "What no of course. Of course, I want to, baby, don't..." he's not sure what he's pleading with him to not do, but his hand cups his cheek, easing his fear. "But George, that's just gonna hurt both of us isn't it?"

"No." Yes.

Dream stares at him until he amends "maybe."

They stare at each other, neither backing down. George shuffles uncomfortably before blurting out, "Dream. I have been in love with you for years."

Dream flinches. He curls back from George to give them space between them.

"I will still be in love with you when you're with Sapnap."

"If," Dream reminds.

Of course, how could he forget? Sapnap is too dumb to notice Dream is head over heels for him.

George is down bad for him too but that's beside the point.

"I got to have you for a week after years of wanting you."

He still remembers the way Dream had shoved him up against the counter while Sapnap was out skating, and breathlessly asked if it was okay for him to kiss him.

"Just give me this one last thing? Please? I know it's going to hurt more or whatever. But it'll be okay."

"Unless you really don't want to," he stammers quickly. "I don't want to guilt you into it or something."

Dream considers it.

"I know you're not trying to guilt me into it, breathe," he chuckles lightly. George didn't even notice he's holding his breath until he said that.

Dream gives him a minute that he's eternally grateful for. He breathes and gathers himself once more.

"George I've wanted to do this since you got here," he admits.

"So let's do it."

Enticingly, George drags his fingertips up his sides, shivering. He can feel Dream's eyes tracking the movement and for once he knows he's not thinking about Sapnap while he is with him. He's thinking about George and the miles of pale skin he exposes with every slow drag. He only resists for so long before long fingers are trailing softly through the hairs that sparsely decorate his stomach.

He grabs Dream's hands, holding them tight to his bare chest. "Close your eyes."

Dream does without a second thought, so willing to give George every ounce of control he desires.

“Would it make it better to pretend it’s him?” He can’t help but ask.

Dream’s eyes fly open and he jerks away as if he’s been burned, the places he had touched now freezing from the disappearance of his warm skin. “No.”

“You can. Say his name, just once.”

Why is he trying to make this hurt more?

He thinks that might be what he wants because no matter how hard he tries he can’t bring himself to be mad at Dream for choosing Sapnap over him. This is the next best thing. Hurt is so very close to anger after all.

“George.”

“Do it for me?”

“No. George you don’t understand,” Dream whines miserably. “I don’t know how to explain it. I don’t want to pretend you’re Sapnap because I want to be with you. I’ve never felt like this with anyone besides you and Sapnap. I love you both. I’m *in* love with you both.”

*You just love him more than me.*

“Okay.” He doesn’t really get it. Well, he does because he’s in the same boat but it’s hard to comprehend from someone else’s point of view. Where he stands he loves them both equally but the way Dream is choosing Sapnap makes him think it’s not equal in return so he keeps his mouth shut about it all.

“You don’t understand what I’m trying to say, do you?”

“Kind of. Do I need to?”

“I want you to. I want you to know that I love you too.”

He has got to quit saying he loves George. He’s going to get his hopes up like this if he doesn’t quit.

Dream seems to make up his mind after that point, giving in. Every touch is tender, caressing and so filled with love it makes his heart beat erratically.

“Is this okay?” Dream asks, leaning down so his breath ghosted over George’s chin, the promise of a kiss waiting if he just gives a simple answer.

Wordlessly, he nods.

This is what he wanted, he reminds himself. He just didn’t exactly want to feel loved during it. But what else would he feel when he’s with Dream?

He’s pressed against a pillow, lost in the way the other man surrounds him. His bed, his pillow, his hands, his weight, his smell, his everything. It’s overwhelming and George can’t get a solid breath in as he leans back, pulling his shirt over his head and tossing it. It lands on the headboard, hanging on by his sleeve before Dream is back on top of him.

Neither of them is focused enough to hear the front door open and shut, or the door opening down the hall from them.

They don't have time to react as those heavy, uneven footsteps march up to the door until it's too late.

With a quick knock and a small "Dream?" Sapnap is opening the door he realizes was never fully shut.

"Hey, Sap." Dream gulps weakly.

Guilt and satisfaction curl in his gut like a snake. Some sick part of him wanted him to see this. He wants Sapnap to know he had some kind of claim to Dream before he takes him away forever. He can't quite see him around Dream's head but he makes the effort too, wiggling around until he can.

George turns his gaze towards the door and he takes it all back in an instant. He doesn't want Sapnap to see this. His mouth is open in shock and George can see tear tracks down his cheeks as if he had already been crying before walking in. George looks further down, taking in the bandages lining his hands and wrists. He looks beat up to all hell.

"Sorry."

Oh no. No no no this isn't how it's supposed to go!

The door shuts before he can scream, "Sapnap!"

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!



## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Things come to a head and Sapnap, Dream, and George finally have a long-awaited talk.

### Chapter Notes

Only thing left is an epilogue! This has been such a fun story to write, thank you for reading! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap is getting major deja vu as he drums his thumbs across the steering wheel, feeling like a fucking dumbass.

It's all so achingly similar to just days ago when he left the house in such a hurry to avoid Dream giving George googly eyes, missing dinner, and buying that cursed longboard. It feels like a lifetime has passed since that day, entire centuries even, though it's been a week at most. He's not exactly tracking the number of days but he knows it hasn't been that long since he last took off like this.

His phone is buzzing insistently, dozens of missed calls and texts lighting up his phone to the point the Bluetooth speaker in his car can't even force out a full song. He forces himself to tolerate the choppy tune cutting out over and over before his patience runs thin and he punches the off button hard with his finger.

Whatever. He can drive in silence.

He's not going to pick up for anyone. He could get a call from George, from Dream, from his mom, from Karl or Quackity or Bad or the freaking president at this point and he wouldn't pick up. Callahan could text him right now and say 'if you answer my phone I'll talk' and he *still* wouldn't do it. No chance.

He doesn't even really understand why the entire situation is such a big deal in the first place but he's about to turn his phone off if they don't quit.

So what if Dream finally made his move on George.

So what if he happened to maybe... possibly... on some off chance... have feelings for both of them. And that feeling might be love but fuck if he knows so he's not going to call it that out loud but no matter what label he puts to it, it's strong and hurts so bad.

So what.

He shouldn't care. And George shouldn't be texting him so much. And Dream shouldn't have left

him so many voicemails. The most he should have gotten is ‘whoops, sorry man, didn’t know you were home’ or ‘sorry you walked in on us, we’ll shut the door next time!’

His heartbeat is pounding in his ears and the headache that is slowly encroaching gives him tunnel vision. He wants to go *home*. He wants to go to bed already even though it’s only eight o’clock. He’s tired, his body hurts, his head hurts, his heart hurts. He’s had enough.

But he knows something is waiting for him at home. He’s not sure what, but from the constant buzz of his phone, he knows it can’t be good so he’ll suck it up and make himself busy for a while. Maybe, he hopes silently, they’ll tire themselves out or something and go to bed by the time he gets home.

Slowly he unties the white headband from his head, throwing it into the floor, and shakes loose his hair to relieve some of the pressure. It doesn’t help much but it’s something. He wishes he had the forethought to stash some painkillers in here. Somewhere in the back of his head, he can hear Dream’s annoying ass saying ‘Sap you’ve got to be prepared, just keep a bottle in the glovebox’ and at the time he had scoffed but now he’s seriously wishing he had heeded his advice.

The exit he takes is familiar and though his palms sting something fierce with the movement, he manages to steer towards it.

The shitty job he did wrapping up the torn-up skin is starting to unravel, the too-small bandaids hanging on by one side of his hand. The residue on the sticky side won’t stay on his hand but manages to stick to the steering wheel as he tries to turn.

Frustration growing like a never-ending sea, he grabs at the flaps and rips them both off, hissing at the burning sensation as the fresh wounds were exposed to the air and subsequently the harsh unyielding surface of the wheel. He throws the bandages to the side with his headband, discarding them somewhere within his car without care. He’ll find them someday and gag at the crusty blood but he doesn’t have the capacity to think about someday. He can hardly focus on today.

He’s pretty sure he missed a scrape on his leg from when he bailed so hard his legs gave out and he skidded across the pavement, the skin becoming sticky underneath his shorts on the same leg as his hurt knee and hip that took the brunt of the fall. Again, he can hear Dream and his overprepared bullshit about having a little first aid kit in the car with bandaids ‘*just in case*’.

His phone buzzes again. Angrily he shoves it into the floorboard with the rest of his belongings as his grip tightens, going down a familiar street into a familiar parking lot.

The faded green sign of the skateboard shop is illuminated with a broken glow in the setting sun, dim but promising.

After the fall he’s had today he needs equipment, why not buy it now while he can’t go home?

It’s an excuse and he knows it. He could have just as easily ordered some online. He hurts so bad right now he doubts he could get back on his board any time soon and the shipping time would give him time to heal. But the thought of staying in that house and listening to George whine at his door ‘*It’s not what it looks like, Sap!*’ is excruciatingly unbearable, and now’s as good of a time as any he supposes.

*It’s not what it looks like.*

He scoffs. *What else could it be, George? Really.*

The car rolls to a stop in front of the store. He’s not near as nervous this time around, knowing

what to expect from the first time he had been in there.

Pain radiates from his hip up to his spine as he shifts, reaching for the door handle. He pulls the stretchy band of his shorts away from his skin before getting out to assess the situation. There's a bruise forming, more visible than when it had first happened. If he had to guess, it's going to be as big as his hand with his fingers splayed out. It hadn't seemed like he had hit the ground that hard at first but he chalks it up to the shock and adrenaline making it hard to feel the pain.

He favors that side as he drags himself from the car, thankful he had put on loose clothes after skating.

Sapnap hides his limp the best he can as he goes up to the door, but it makes his back look too straight, his gait too wide and too stiff as he pulls open the door and steps inside.

There's a tingle of a bell and those same blue walls as before coming into view, though without the horde of other people in the shop it's not near as overwhelming as it once had been. There hasn't been enough time for major changes to happen in the store, the same boards still in their same spots until they sell, and the bedroom pop that had once been blaring is now a gentle hum.

"We're closing!" A voice shouts from behind the counter. "You'll have to come back another time."

"Oh," Sapnap whimpers.

Of course, they are. It's just his luck after all.

"Sorry! I'll come back some other time. Sorry." He cringes.

God, he always feels terrible walking into stores at closing time. He knows those workers just want to get out of there and get home. But he also doesn't want to go home.

He turns sharply on his heel, racking his brain as to where else in this part of town he could go to waste time. He's not particularly hungry, the thought of food right now in his already upset stomach makes him feel nauseous, but it would be something to do at least.

He opens the door once again to leave when a voice stops him.

"Oh. It's you."

*It's you?*

Sapnap furrows his brows, turning towards the worker he hadn't gotten a good glimpse of at first.

With a start, he recognizes him as not-George, the cute guy who sold him his longboard. His same swoopy hair and lithe frame step closer to the register. It wasn't that long ago he was standing here getting his number.

How can so much happen and change in so little time?

The man sets down the broom he had been holding against the counter, leaning over it with raised eyebrows.

Sapnap can't help but compare him to George. They look so similar, but it's far cuter when it's his George raising his eyebrows in that annoyed but humored expression. "I didn't expect you to come back so soon."

Fuck. He never texted him after getting that number.

Sapnap's cheeks brighten. He had gotten so caught up in the whole Dream and George affair he had completely forgotten. He's also forgotten the guy's name; if he ever even knew it to begin with.

He can't for the life of him think where his number went. The last time he remembered seeing it was when Dream got all jealous and handed it back to him before kissing him. Did he tuck it back into his pants? Did it slip from his fingers in shock?

"I... I lost your number," he blurts out to save himself.

The man's expression shifts. The annoyed look is still there but he looks a little more surprised now. "Really?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry."

He repeats his thought pattern from earlier, recognizing this as his second chance. This would be good for him. He needs to find someone he actually has a shot with, he needs to go out on a date and forget about the two people he knows he can't have.

"Oh. I thought maybe you weren't... um," he stammers, gesturing for Sapnap to understand where he was going with that sentence.

He can't help but chuckle lightly. "No yeah, I definitely... yeah. And I'm interested in you, too." It's a bald-faced lie and he hopes with all his might the guy doesn't see right through him. "Can I get your number again maybe? And some safety gear if you have time?" he holds up his torn-up hands, making light of the situation to shift the mood. "But if you've already closed the register don't worry about it, seriously, I just probably need to invest or something," he rambles.

The man lights up, a sweet smile already stretching his lips. "Yeah! It's still open, don't worry. I haven't gotten around to it yet. Definitely! I'll grab you a set. Do you have a brand in mind?"

George would never be so helpful, he thinks ruefully. He'd be snide and make fun of Sapnap if it was him in this situation instead of the stranger.

"Whatever you think is best," he shrugs, ignoring the pull of his muscles and heartstrings.

This will be good for him, he reminds himself. Someone who isn't *them*.

The worker gives him a pretty smile. It doesn't compare much to George's though, whose lopsided grin can light up the whole room, and the look he gets before he laughs like a hyena is unlike any other with the crazed look in his eye and the smile with too many teeth showing.

But this will be better for him.

He'll keep repeating it until it's true.

"There are two brands I would recommend, either of these match the style you're going for?"

Sapnap looks over the two pairs being held up. It's hard to tell in the bag they come in but he's pretty sure one pair is plain black while the other had thin neon green stripes down them.

Can he really never escape them?

"I'll take the plain black," he grumbles with a barely contained scowl.

The worker nods and puts the other pair up. "So how have you been enjoying your longboard?"

"It's been..."

Insane. Wonderful. Everything he ever wanted. And terrifying and painful.

He's not too sure he's thinking about the board anymore.

Everything always manages to relate back to Dream and George somehow. He's growing sick of it.

"It's been great. It's a lot of fun," he settles with the generic answer.

"How'd you manage to fall so bad?"

How did he?

"I don't know," he sighs, distractedly. He tries to pinpoint the exact moment he fell for Dream. It might have been over breakfast one morning or sitting on the couch watching a movie and sharing a blanket. It might have been as teenagers over a voice chat and a block game or laughing hysterically over something only they found funny with Dream's adorable wheezing fits. It could have been his never-ending loyalty, his faith in Sapnap, the way he cares so much so deeply, his kindness, his selflessness, the list goes on.

When he comes up short he tries to think of George and millions of late-night calls and the pure joy he felt when he finally got here and wrapped him up in a hug. He thinks of all the times George is simply there for him: even if he has a hard time expressing his emotions he never fails to be there to listen to his. He thinks of the strange way he does things, like the little gifts and how he acts like he's never been outside before in his life and his endearing never-ending explosion of personality.

There's no clear answer but one thing is for sure and that is he fell hard.

"Well, it happens to the best of us," the guy shrugs, dragging him from his thoughts and slamming him back into reality. "Your total is on the screen."

It takes him a second to collect himself before he digs out his wallet, swiping his card. The receipt printer comes to life, spitting out a long stretch of paper, but this time the guy hesitates when he pulls the piece free. "Do you really want my number again?"

"Yeah," Sapnap forces himself to nod. "Yeah, that would be great. I left my phone in the car but as soon as I get out there I'll put it in so I don't lose it again."

He gets another smile out of him as he scrawls it out with a pen. He's right-handed, yet another difference, and hands it over. "Okay. Have a good night then."

"You too," he mumbles, taking the receipt and his new gear.

The bell chimes one more time on his way out and he lets out a breath he didn't know he had been holding.

The parking lot is mostly empty now as some shops begin to close nearby too. The sky has gone lilac, pink and orange bursts of color dotting the sky as the overhead lights blink to life. The warm air and endless sky is relaxing and he takes a second to take it all in. In that brief moment, he didn't feel like he was going a hundred miles an hour anymore and by the time he crosses the parking lot to his car, the pounding in his head has quieted some.

Sapnap pops the trunk, tossing the gear in abandon and shutting it the best he can manage without hurting himself too much more.

When he slides into the driver's seat, his phone is sitting in the floorboard where he left it, still buzzing.

Since he's been in the store, the number of missed calls and texts nearly doubled, mostly from George.

Sucking it up, he scoops it up and presses call back.

It didn't even ring for a full second.

"Sapnap!" George growls into the phone with a heat in his voice that's rarely heard. "Get your ass back here right now so we can figure this shit out!"

"George," he whines. His tone is so harsh and berating and while Sapnap didn't know what he expected when he answered, it certainly wasn't that.

"You walked in on," George falters, voice crackling over the speaker. "I *begged* Dream to do that because- He was going... I mean-" he stutters out, sounding hysteric. "He told me no! He told me no he couldn't be with me and I just wanted to... please."

"George?" He asks, growing genuinely concerned. He's never heard the other so distraught.

"He rejected me Sapnap for *you!* Because he's always been in love with *you* and *it wouldn't be fair* ." His words are like daggers dripping with venom, mocking and deprecating. "So I asked him to just give me *something*, anything. And then *you* walk in."

His voice goes deep and rueful with animosity. "Because of course, you do."

A lump formed in his throat, unable to speak. He couldn't comprehend what he was hearing.

They sit on the line in silence as Sapnap processes it.

"... Please come home," George begs, truly begs, with a tinge in his voice that has Sapnap rushing to comply to his every whim. He realizes he would do anything for him at that moment, give him anything, just from hearing that whine in his words.

"He rejected you?" he asks quietly as he starts the car, hardly remembering to buckle in his rush to get out and get home.

"Yes, you idiot."

"But he likes you."

"He likes you more."

Sapnap isn't even sure what to say. Or do. His head is cloudy and discombobulated as he gets back on the highway. The world around him doesn't feel exactly real, too trapped in his thoughts.

Apparently, George isn't sure what to say either because he remains just as silent.

Though neither says a word, the other's presence is still felt in the car. George stays on the phone and he doesn't dare hang up. George never asks him to either.

The drive back is one taken in silence yet again, nothing more than the occasional huff of breath or shifting of clothes.

Thirty minutes in, George hums, “Where are you?”

“‘Bout thirty minutes out,” he pushes the gas a little harder.

George hums again. “You drove for an hour?”

“ Yeah.”

He hums again.

It’s starting to feel suffocating with George on the phone like this.

Sapnap wants to cry. The longer he thinks about it the more he can’t stand it. George is hurting right now, he knows he is because he was hurting when he thought Dream chose George. And now he’s in the middle of it all and he’s the one hurting him.

If there is one thing he’s never wanted to do, it’s to have hurt either one of his best friends.

He sniffs and he wonders if George can hear the thick emotions clogging his throat. He wonders if he’s angry with him, or resentful. God knows he sounded like it when he yelled at him to come home.

“Not now,” George speaks, though his voice sounds slightly muffled.

Dream must be there with him. He hears George mention his name and he waits for Dream to say something to him but all he hears the rest of the drive is George’s quiet breathing.

As he turns into his neighborhood he goes down the hill from earlier. It doesn’t look near as menacing in the car, doesn’t feel as steep or scary, but just thinking about standing atop it on his board makes his heart pound a little harder.

The sun has set during his drive home, leaving the house shrouded in darkness and the pale purple light of the dying sun. His headlights shine briefly on the front porch and he catches sight of George sitting there, phone in his lap and arms wrapped around himself, knees curled nearly to his chest. His head shoots up at him, and fuck, he looks mad too with his eyebrows drawn in his and mouth pinched tight but it’s too late to turn around now.

The car comes to a stop and shit, there’s Dream, opening the front door and spilling out before he can even turn his key. He stands behind George, waiting patiently for him to free himself from the car.

With the last bit of strength, he could muster but physically and mentally, he pulls himself from the driver’s seat.

George launches himself up, nearly running up to Sapnap the second the car door shuts. The look on his face is furious, twisting the closer he gets and it doesn’t look like he’s going to stop.

Sapnap flinches but doesn’t do more than brace himself. He doesn’t think George would ever hurt him, not really, but damn, he’s already hurt enough. He doesn’t think he could handle it, even if it wasn’t more than a push or a shove.

George’s eyes widen at the movement and he slows drastically. “Sap?”

“I’m sorry,” his lip trembles, voice shaking.

“For what?”

He doesn’t know anymore. Everything he guesses.

George takes a couple of steps closer, closing the small distance between them. His eyes are red and his hair is wild as if he never fixed it from tumbling into bed with Dream but Sapnap doubts he looks much better himself.

He opens his mouth to speak but he can’t. The words get stuck in his throat, everything he’s ever wanted to say to George sitting just below the lump behind his tongue that he can’t seem to get past.

George cups his cheek gently and though they’re at eye level with each other he feels incredibly small in his grasp. Only then does he whimper once again the only thing he can manage, “I’m sorry.”

George looks so damn concerned for him. His deep brown eyes search his face and the words falter on his own tongue as well. He rubs his thumb over the apple of his cheek and softly whispers, “Hey, don’t get upset. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

A crunch of the gravel beneath someone’s shoe draws him out from George’s touch, turning his attention back to the other person he almost forgot about.

Dream comes up to him much slower but as soon as he’s close enough, he immediately wraps his arms around him and pulls him into a hug, squeezing tightly around his shoulders.

He gasps in pain but doesn’t pull away, accepting whatever strange punishment this is. He deserves it. For once he believes himself when he thinks he should never have kissed either of them.

Dream pulls away quickly at the sound he couldn’t bite down in time. “What’s wrong?”

“Hurts.”

He let’s go immediately with an apologetic look.

George snatches Sapnap’s hand up, looking it over. “You idiot.”

Dream looks down too at his other hand, tenderly scooping it up and mirroring George as he turns it over, looking at the cuts and scrapes.

He feels ridiculous standing in the middle of the driveway with his two friends holding his hands like this but it feels so good he doesn’t care.

“What happened?”

“I went down a hill on my board.”

“Ouch,” Dream snorts, so very reminiscent of their night together.

He snorts weakly. “Ouch.”

There’s an unsaid conversation that needs to happen but it’s put on the back burner for a second. It’s almost as if he can feel the change as both decide to drop the subject for now.



“Let’s go in and take care of these okay?” Dream pulls his wrist gently, guiding him towards the front door. He’s a bit rough but Sapnap knows from experience that’s just how he is sometimes, often forgetting his size and strength in his eagerness.

“I gotta get my stuff out first,” Sapnap tries to take a step back but neither one lets him get far.

“I’ll get it,” Dream offers in an instant. “Where?”

“Trunk.”

He takes the keys from his fingers and pops the trunk, jogging around like an excited puppy, happy to please, and drags out the skate gear, slinging it over his shoulder. The way his arms flex as he shuts the trunk has Sapnap gazing admiringly, unable to help it.

“Where did you go?” George asks conversationally.

“Back to the skate shop.”

Dream stops dead in his tracks with a glower. “Did you see that guy again?”

George rolls his eyes, cutting off Sapnap’s quiet ‘yeah’, not hesitating to snark, “be a jealous asshole another time Dream.”

“I’m not jealous, “ he pouts.

Sapnap huffs. He sounds jealous.

He just wants it to all make sense already.

George’s touch is forever tender as they go into the house, nimble fingers never brushing the wounds but skirting the edges of the abused skin.

Patches paws at his ankles once they’re through the front door and he hums a little greeting to her, cooing softly. It hurts, but he bends down and frees a hand from George’s grasp to scratch at her chin. Both the other boys let him and though he dottles a little, loving on her, he has to stand eventually.

The three turn down the hallway and into their shared bathroom. The porcelain walls are pristine and a glance at the shower has him fighting a blush, remembering the last time he and George were both in the bathroom together.

George pushes at his shoulder, ignoring the hiss he gets at the way his tired muscles pull. Sapnap follows his silent orders to sit on the toilet.

“You didn’t put down the seat first?” George scoffs.

“Oh,” he looks back at the seat now pressed to his back. “Wait.”

*Noooo. This is embarrassing.*

“No, don’t get up again! You’re fine, just, don’t fall in,” George smirks with a shrug.

He turns, readying to open the cabinet that usually houses the first aid kit when Sapnap remembers it’s not there with a groan. “Shit, the first aid kit is still in my room.”

“I’ll go get it,” Dream hurries off again, disappearing into the door that leads to Sapnap’s room

with the safety gear.

He waits until Dream is completely gone before he turns to George, regarding him seriously. “Do you hate me?”

The question was eating him alive. The words are hardly more than a whisper.

“What? Why would I?” His fluffy hair cocks to the side.

“What you said earlier.”

He’s not sure he wants to know the answer. He doesn’t want his Gogy to hate him, or to know that he hates him if he does. He’d much rather pretend he doesn’t.

His eyes are downcast, looking at his sneakers squeaking on the tile floor.

“Sapnap if I hated you I wouldn’t be here right now would I?”

He doesn’t know.

George shoots him a look in an obvious no that he catches out the corner of his eye.

“Guess not.” He mumbles.

“You’re dumb.”

He looks up, glaring at George. George glares back, never one to back down from a challenge.

Then he leans in and kisses him before Sapnap can react.

His eyes widened as George’s slip shut. It’s pleasant and just as tender as his touch, his lips soft and waiting for the kiss to be reciprocated. All the tension drains out of him at once, melting into the fingertips that graces his chin, trailing down the side of his neck. He tastes like fucking fruit chapstick again but Sapnap can’t find it in himself to comment on it as his eyes slip shut too. The stubble on both their chins is scratchy but Sapnap finds himself wanting more, pressing closer and nipping gently at his bottom lip in the process.

“Woah.”

George jumps back with a speed unmatched and Sapnap does his best to do the same, hitting the toilet behind him, looking at the shell-shocked Dream standing in the doorway of the bathroom.

Sapnap blinks. And blinks again.

“I...,” George stands quickly, scrambling to his feet and shooting for the door. “I should go. I’m sorry.”

“No! No wait,” Dream stops him, blocking the exit with a hand to his shoulder. “Hold on.”

“To what?” Sapnap giggles. He can’t help it. Maybe he’s delirious from the long day or too confused to function properly anymore.

Dream crinkles his brows. “What?”

“You said to hold on so I asked to what? Hold on to what?”

Dream's face breaks out into a huge grin. "Would you shut up?"

"No."

"Okay," Dream rubs over his eyes. "We seriously need to talk."

"Right now?"

This isn't the place he expected to be having this conversation, sitting on the toilet seat and not the lid with dried blood on his leg and fruit chapstick on his lips. Again. He's going to find that godforsaken lip balm and throw it in the trash the first chance he gets.

"Yeah, right now."

Dream comes further into the bathroom, but not before locking the door.

"What the hell," Sapnap giggles. "Did you just lock us in?"

George snorts too. "Freaking psycho."

"He's gonna kill us, Georgie," he whispers playfully, earning more of George's pretty laughter.

"Shut up! We are trying to have a serious moment and you're both acting like idiots," Dream whines but there's a hint of amusement in his voice as well. "None of us is leaving this bathroom until we talk. Got it?"

"I guess." "Sure."

Dream narrows his eyes at their unenthusiastic responses, only making them snicker more.

Sapnap can't believe how much he missed this. The banter, the laughter, the jokes, *them*. He's been so caught up in who loves who and what he needs to do versus what he wants to do. He didn't even realize they hadn't laughed together in a week or more. At least not altogether.

He's starting to realize that maybe he was a little jealous before all the kissing started. It wasn't ever George and Dream trying to leave him out but more him separating himself from them.

His throat feels tight as George takes the first aid kit from Dream and pops it open, settling down in front of Sapnap and folding his legs in tight so Dream could take the spot in the floor next to him.

If he felt strange standing out in the driveway like this, it feels even weirder sitting on the toilet while the other two sat in front of him like this.

"Hold out your hands."

Sapnap does, letting each of them take a cleaning wipe and run it over the cuts and scrapes. He whines, shifting in pain at the sting of the alcohol. Dream's eyes flash at the sound in a way that makes heat settle in his gut and a blush brightens his cheeks.

*This is ridiculous*, he thinks. He can take care of these by himself, and even if he did need help, he didn't need both of them to be here. Still, here they are with infinite concern written across their faces, wrapping his hands up in fresh clean bandages.

He can't focus on one more than the other, looking back and forth between their concentrated faces until they finish.

“Your knee looks swollen,” George pokes at it as he goes to drop the rest of the bandages into the kit.

Sapnap yelps, ripping his knee away and almost kicking George in the process.

“Sorry,” he whispers apologetically.

“Wrap it,” Dream nods towards an ace bandage in the kit. “It’ll help.”

George takes it out, unraveling it and looking up to Sapnap through his lashes. “Want me to kiss it better too?”

Dream watches with rapt attention as George taps his own bandaged knee in reminder.

Sapnap nods helplessly.

George leans in, careful not to look at Dream, and presses a sweet kiss to his inner knee, far away from the spot he had poked just seconds ago to spare him the pain.

It’s exactly what he wanted, but he can’t bring himself to look at Dream either.

George leans back and carefully wraps his knee up, securing it in place.

“Anywhere else?” Dream asks, face unreadable.

“I think my leg was bleeding earlier,” Sapnap offers.

Dream gently wraps his big hands around his calf, looking over his leg for the scrape. Slowly, he pushes the fabric of his shorts up and catches sight of it.

He takes an antiseptic wipe once again and goes over it. “Can I kiss it better too?”

It takes him a second to process the question. Once he gets his brain to work, Sapnap is almost positive he’s about to combust. All he can do is nod.

Dream does so, pressing the bandaid on his skin and grazing his lips over top.

When he leans back, George looks up at him expectantly.

“That’s it,” he shakes his head in answer to the silent question. “The only other there is is a giant ass bruise on my hip.”

“Let’s see,” George playfully tugs on his pant leg with a smirk.

“No!” He yelps, scurrying to keep his shorts in place.

“Come on, Pandas, we just wanna take care of you,” Dream teases the old nickname and his entire face erupts into flames.

“Fuck off,” he holds on tight.

Their shared laughter sounds like bells.

Sobering up, he knows it’s time to say something. Sapnap picks at the bandage, fraying the fresh edges. “So umm.... I’ve known you liked each other for a long time now but I kissed you both. I’m really sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Both of us?” Dream exclaims, looking at George. “Like before just now?”

George shrugs. “I already knew.”

“What?” Sapnap gapes at him.

“I saw you guys that night.”

Oh. Well, that makes sense. He already had his suspicions that he had.

“I guess. I knew Dream liked you and I still kissed you too. So I’m also sorry,” George mumbles.

“But... wait. I’m so genuinely confused right now. I like both of you. You and Sapnap.”

“I like you and George,” Sapnap quips helpfully.

George bites his lip. “Of course I like both of you.”

A silence falls in the room as they each process the information being given when Dream suddenly jolts.

Sapnap and George share a look in confusion.

Dream doesn’t let either get a word in. He surges forward, grabbing George’s face in both hands and smashing their faces together. It looks painful. Sapnap cringes but then Dream releases him and dives in on Sap, doing the same crushing, searing kiss that he did with George.

He pulls back and looks between them hesitantly. “Is that okay?”

“Is what okay-“ “what do you mean”

“Now you two kiss.”

They share another look and burst out laughing.

“We aren’t dolls Dream,” he giggles. “You can’t just-“

“Watch me,” Dream grabs them both by the overly long hair at the back of their heads, dragging them together.

“Let go,” George swats at him like a cat, trying to free himself from the hold while Sapnap simply accepts it, too tired to put up a fight.

Dream refuses to let go and George gives in, kissing Sapnap sweetly until Dream relents, sitting back on his heels.

George goes to pull away again, but this time it’s Sapnap that stops him, holding him close still. “If we all like each other... Why don’t we all be together? Then no one is...”

“Heartbroken,” Dream admits softly, his voice pitched with a whine of discontent. “I was heartbroken.”

“... me too,” Sapnap reaches out, holding his hand too.

George had that look on his face again where he doesn’t want to say how he feels. Sapnap doesn’t doubt that he felt the same way though, he heard it all in his voice on the phone.

“Really?” George asks.

“Really. I mean why not? It’s a thing. Polyamory. You know how Karl and Quackity are both my fiancé’s?”

George sneers. “You’re bringing up role play right now?”

“But it’s a thing!”

“It is a thing,” Dream nods in confirmation.

“I know it’s a thing!” George exclaims. “I’m not dumb but we can just do that?”

“Why not?” Dream raises an eyebrow.

“And we all three had to kiss each other like that?”

Dream grins cockily. “No, I just wanted to.”

George glares at him, chocolate eyes narrowed before huffing. “What if I want it to be more than a thing?”

The way he says *a thing* is filled with an emotion Sapnap can’t quite understand.

“Hey,” Dream is there quickly to comfort him. “It can be however much you want it to be.”

“What if I want it all?” He snaps.

Insecurity.

It clicks for him all at once. George is feeling just as insecure as he is. For some reason that makes it all better, knowing he wasn’t the only one.

“I want it all too.” the words come tumbling out of his mouth before he can fully think them through. “God I want everything. I feel so selfish but I could never have just one of you. I don’t think I could handle it if I didn’t get both of you. Or either of you. Or only some of you. I want all of you.”

Dream giggles. “What? What are you saying anymore?”

“You just said ‘you’ like fifteen times,” George teases.

“Don’t make fun of me when I’m trying to explain myself,” Sapnap laughs lightly too. “I want it all too, that’s what I’m trying to say! The whole shebang. Relationship, dates, sex, all of it. I wanna share a bed and I want to eat George’s shitty food-“

“Hey!”

“And I want to cuddle and I want to deal with Dream’s jealousy-“

“Oh come on-“

“And I want to fight and bicker and I want to say I love you and I want-“

“Okay, okay,” Dream grabs his hands gently, shushing the ramblings that begin to grow more and more out of control the more excited he gets. He couldn’t help it though. “Breathe.”

“Kiss me,” he leans forward instead.

Who needs to breathe anyways? Not him.

Not when Dream is so close he could thread his fingers through his hair if the bandages on his palms would allow it and they’re really talking about this. Like actually talking about this.

It feels like pure joy. Like sunshine is spilling from his skin. Like lighting crossing the sky and going upside down on a rollercoaster or going downhill on a longboard and he hates that analogy but it’s the best he’s got for the pure elation-

Dream complies without hesitation, locking their lips together in a much gentler kiss than before. It’s passionate but sweet and not only because of the hint of fruit he gets every time Dream’s lips move against his.

Incredibly soft curls land in his lap, tickling his thigh as the weight of George’s head settles against him. His hands trace shapes around his knee, playing with the silky hair and watching lazily.

He knows right then that this is what love feels like.

A whimper forces its way past his lips and Dream pulls away to breathe against him, “having fun?”

He knows he’s implying that sound was for how excited he is right now and while his cheeks heat up at the implications he giggles “no my legs falling asleep. I’ve been sitting on the toilet for like half an hour now.”

Dream purses his lips in an attempt not to smile. “Wow, way to kill the mood.”

He stands and George pulls away, making grabby hands at Dream to help him up who does so without complaint. George’s knees pop as he’s dragged to his feet and he stretches languidly, shirt riding up the barest inch to expose the soft skin of his tummy.

Sapnap eyes it, the conversation they just had fresh on his mind. Deciding it would be alright, he reaches out and prods at the ticklish area, delighting in the yelp he lets out at the sensation.

“Sap,” he whines, thin fingers splaying over his hoodie to hold it down and away from ticklish fingers.

Sapnap smiles warmly but doesn’t apologize.

Three grown men standing in a tiny bathroom doesn’t offer much room or comfort. Slowly they trickle out into the hallway.

“So what now?” Dream asks.

“I don’t know about y’all but I’m exhausted,” Sapnap admits wearily. He doesn’t want this to end but his body still aches something terrible and his feet wobble as sleep claws at his wired brain.

“Can we talk more about everything in the morning?”

“Yeah. Let’s go to bed then. I’ll make pancakes in the morning,” Dream offers. George visibly lights up at that, excited at the prospect.

“Okay,” he agrees.

He doesn’t particularly want to go but he’s not about to ask if he can sleep in one of their beds with

them or even on the floor.

Sleeping alone hasn't ever been his favorite thing in the world though. He misses when he was younger and could get away with sneaking into a sibling or parent's bed. He can count a couple of times he's gotten scared enough to seek Dream out and pull a pallet of blankets into the floor to sleep next to his bed.

It's so appealing to ask right now. He really, really doesn't want to sleep alone but he's not about to ask if he can sleep in one of their beds with them or even on the floor. He doesn't want to impose like that, especially not when the other might need time to think or something.

"Dream?" George's voice sounds so small and unsure, both Dream and Sapnap pause. "Can we sleep in your bed tonight?"

Oh.

Sapnap doesn't pout, okay? He's definitely not going to pout. Instead, he berates himself for not having the balls to ask like George did.

"Yeah, we can," Dream nods quickly.

"Okay. I sleep better when I'm with you."

The words are so soft and sweet Sapnap can see the way Dream's entire demeanor shifts with them.

Sapnap resists the way his anxious heart urges him to be jealous. He's not going to. Because they just talked about this and yeah, they need to talk more, but they all like each other, they can all be together! He doesn't have to be jealous anymore just because they're going to sleep together or whatever. He knows no matter what it comes down to, he can't be jealous or this will never work out.

... but he wants to sleep in there too.

He forces a smile. "Okay. I'm gonna go to bed then. Good night, guys."

"What?" George grabs him by his elbow, stopping him.

"What?" Sapnap repeats.

"Where are you going? Dream has pillows and stuff."

He's starting to get the feeling he misunderstood something again. "I'm going to bed?"

"Are you stupid? I just asked if we could sleep in Dream's bed."

Oh.

*Oh, wait a second.*

When George said we, he didn't mean him and Dream. He meant him and Dream and Sapnap.

Sapnap was included in that.

George rolls his eyes and doesn't let go of his arm, dragging him down the hall to Dream's room, Dream's soft wheezes trailing after them quietly.



"I need to get clothes," he looks back at his room, catching Dream's eye.

"Who said you need clothes?"

"Fuck off," he laughs at the playful teasing.

Dream snorts. "Just borrow some of mine. That's what George does."

"How long were y'all...?" *together*.

"A week. Give or take. It happened that night you skipped dinner."

Oh, he fucking knew it!! He *knew* if he left them alone for long enough they would get together.

Smug, he turns back around so George doesn't walk him into a wall or something.

Dream's room doesn't seem nearly as intimidating anymore as the three walk into it together this time.

Dream walks over to his dresser, tossing out a shirt to George and looking expectantly at Sapnap.

"Just some pants or something," he shrugs, not particularly caring.

A pair of well-loved plaid pants are tossed his way. By the time he has them in his hands and turns to face George, he's already wiggled into the oversized shirt that dwarfs him in comparison.

Never one to be shy, he shucks his pants off and slides Dream's on, ignoring the way George stares. Finally, he brings up the question that's been on his mind for a while now. "Why do you stare so much?" He asks genuinely.

George blinks and then frowns. "I dunno. You're nice to look at? I mean before when you were being mean to me," Sapnap frowns, hating how it was phrased but knowing he was right. "I did it to try and get you to say something to me. But after I knew you were just jealous, I just liked how you look."

Yeah okay, he was being a jealous asshole, ignoring George the way he did. He'll make it up to him over time.

Dream finished changing while they talked, giving them curious looks but not interjecting. He can tell he wants to ask but refrains.

George crawls into the bed like he's been there before- sure of himself and his place there.

Sapnap is the opposite, awkward and out of place. He stands there waiting for some kind of invitation or indication as to where he's supposed to be and where he's supposed to go. It doesn't come.

Dream follows, settling into the dips and grooves he's worn into the mattress over time. Sapnap thinks back to just this morning, laying in bed and dreaming about what it would feel like to sleep in the same bed as both of them. How in his fantasies did he never picture having both of them in bed like this? Soft and comfortable, loose boxers and plaid pajama pants that are probably ten years old and so similar to the ones Sapnap wore now, Dream sleepily wrapping lanky arms around a pillow and nuzzling his face into it, blonde hair and the occasional freckle peaking out while George curls up on his side, socked feet tucked up almost to his butt.

"You sleep with socks?" Sapnap jokes because he's not really sure where he fits into all of this.

“Yeah, got a problem with that?” George giggles.

“You’re so fucking weird,” he huffs, and he means it. George is a strange, strange man. It’s part of the reason why he loves him so much.

“Whatever. Will you get in the bed so I can sleep?”

“Sure thing,” he sneers.

When his instigative words don’t spark a reply, he’s left with the problem of actually getting into the bed.

Dream took the space by the wall, and George is spread out in his own space beside him, leaving a sliver of the bed on the side of him or the middle.

He takes a hesitant step closer. “Hey, Gogy?”

“Hmm?”

“Will you scooch? Just a little?”

He feels safer on the edge than in the middle. As if by making himself small and distant, there would be less chance of either of them changing their minds and kicking him out.

“Wha?” he sits up, looking around with already wild hair from rubbing against the pillow. “Yeah sorry. Want the middle?”

“No, that’s okay,” he shakes his head. It would be too much.

“Okay.” He scoots over the middle of the bed, leaving a perfect, Sapnap sized space.

“What if I wanted the middle?” Dream whines.

“Don’t complain.”

Sapnap hesitantly sits on the bed and turns his back to both of them as soon as he’s in it. His nerves are shot and the soft bed is already lulling him to sleep but he’s too focused on not being a nuisance to give in. If he moves his arm will they get annoyed? Or if he scoots a little closer to George will he realize this is all a bad idea?

Thin arms wrap around his middle, George’s face pressing between his shoulder blades. A knee is slid between his thighs, careful not to hit the bruise, and slots their legs together.

He snorts. “I didn’t think I would be the little spoon here.”

“Shut up.”

Easing all the worries in the world, Dream snakes an arm around George, twinning his fingers into Sapnap’s shirt, playing with it until a sliver of skin is soon exposed. The second Dream feels it, he starts stroking his stomach, curling over soft hair and warm skin until Sapnap drifts to sleep, warm and content with the two he loves most.

Let me know what you think now that it's almost over!

# Epilogue

## Chapter Summary

A week later, Sapnap tries going downhill once more, this time with the support of Dream and George.

## Chapter Notes

It's over!! I'm sad lol. Thank you for reading and sticking through the angst, it's been a lot of fun :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George is straight up, whole body, laying on the ground. From his head to the heels of the sneakers he's laying there in the driveway like an idiot.

Sapnap cackles hysterically at him, yelling "you're such a fucking dumbass!"

"Sap," Dream whines, his own giggles barely suppressed behind his concern. After all, the way George moves so dramatically, it looked like a hard fall. Sapnap knew better though. "Be nice."

"Sapnapppppp," George groans loudly, sitting up with a pout, looking disheveled. "That hurt."

"You did it! Don't look at me like I pushed you or something," he giggles with a shake of his head. "Why did you try to ollie when you can barely skate?"

His boyfriend is goofy.

*His* boyfriend.

His whole body feels warm just thinking about it and it's not from the pretty summer morning that envelopes the world in a golden glow as they play around on Sapnap's skateboard. The warm feeling spreads through him every time he calls George or Dream his, like some sort of liquid heat filling his veins. He doesn't think it will ever stop feeling like this.

George lifts his leg up gingerly, looking up at Dream with big, dark, puppy dog eyes, earning his sympathy without even trying. If Sapnap enjoys babying George on occasion, Dream lives for it.

"Help me up, darling?" he asks softly, holding a hand up to him to grab ahold of.

*Darling.*

Sapnap rolls his eyes at that one. George knew damn well if he called Dream any sort of pet name, he'd cave to his every whim instantly and he exploits that fact often since they got together a week ago now.

At least Sapnap had the decency to use it sparingly, lest Dream catches on to their manipulations. George on the other hand uses it shamelessly every chance he gets. *Baby, darling, lover,*

*sweetheart.*

*Dream's gonna forget his own name if we don't stop playing with him like this* , Sapnap thinks with a snort. That wouldn't be such a bad thing though, he has to admit, to drown Dream in so much love he forgets his own name. It sounds pretty nice actually.

He'd like to do the same to George, give him so much love and affection maybe he would stop being *such a brat*.

"You're annoying, go get the board," Sapnap points to the skateboard that had flown out from underneath the British man just seconds ago, now resting against the curb before Dream can reach down to scoop him up.

He loves that Dream and George have taken an interest in skating with him, he really does. When the three of them come outside like this and just fuck around on the board he has, he has the time of his life, cheeks hurting from how hard he smiles the entire time... but they really need to get their own boards if they're going to keep doing this. He cringes internally at every harsh slam of his skateboard against the sidewalk, waiting for it to crack eventually.

He knows that skateboards are meant to get a little wear and tear and get busted up but he'd like to be the one to do it, thanks.

"I'm hurt," he sniffs. "You go get it."

"Where are you hurt?" Sapnap asks, not believing it for a second. He doesn't see a single cut or scrape on his long slender legs stretched out, his shorts having ridden up his thigh when he went backward. The sparse hair that decorates the skin isn't thick enough to hide an injury either.

George gently puts a hand to his right ass cheek and grins. "Right here. Kiss it better again, Sap."

Dream lets out a wheeze, holding his hands out for George to help him up.

"HELLL NO," Sapnap laughs loudly.

"Why not?"

"I am not kissing your ass, you freak!"

"That's rude. Dream wants to if you don't, don't you?" he turns his big doe eyes up to Dream, pleading as he lifts him up with ease. There's a sultry undertone to his voice, flirtily leaning into their boyfriend, implications dripping from his tone. He's got his dainty hands wrapped around Dream's arm, careful not to put his leg down as if he was actually hurt.

Sapnap blushes. Dream goes bright red.

"GEorge!!"

He cackles, head of fluffy brown hair thrown back, clearly enjoying how flustered he was able to make them both. He stumbles back, also clearly not as hurt as he pretended to be while Dream watches him with all the love in the world, though his cheeks were still tinged with embarrassment.

Before they talked more, he could see himself being insatiably jealous at the moment with the way they look at each other. Now though, it's only a low simmer in his heart that he can push down against with a certain ease that comes with the assurance that this relationship is completely equal.

He's also learned after talking with the others that while he didn't always see it, Dream and George gave him the same love drunk looks they give each other. Before he wrote it off as being nothing but a weird look, but now he knows the truth of it is they both adore him with everything they have.

Sometimes he wonders how they went this long without catching on to the other's intentions, but then he also remembers it had taken them sitting down and talking for hours about how they felt and what they wanted.

Not to say they don't need to keep working on it too. There are still times he's worried he's being left out or times where George keeps his distance from them like there's some invisible barrier separating them. Even Dream on occasion will back off or hide in his room, putting unnecessary distance between himself and him and George.

But they're learning! They're learning each other's tells, like how George starts the staring bullshit when he gets scared and Dream gets quiet, or how Sappnap starts skating alone more. They're learning to talk it out when things are bothering them and they're learning how to give each other the space and love and attention that they all need.

It's not perfect, but they're figuring it out.

Sappnap narrows his eyes and gives up on making George go get the board. He huffs, going after it for him while the man is still preening in Dream's arms.

He pops it up with the tail and catches it in his hand, secretly thinking about buying them both their own boards as a surprise. He could make a quick trip back to that skate shop...

"Aww thank you, Sappynappy," George coos when he returns with the board tucked against his side. "I think I'm done for now though," he rubs gingerly on his ass where he fell. "That actually kinda hurt."

Dream nods, wiping the thin sheen of sweat that gathers above his brow away with the back of his hand. "I think I'm done too actually, I'm so tired, I don't know how you do this like every day. And it's still morning! I'm gonna take a nap."

"You do that, babe," Sappnap nods, watching the way Dream's pretty green eyes dilate at the pet name. Before he can do something like kiss him senseless, he turns and goes into the garage to set his board down. He doesn't necessarily want to be done skating right now but he also doesn't want to be out here alone either, much happier to follow his boyfriends around the house instead.

When he returns the skateboard to its spot in the garage, his longboard feels like it's burning holes in the back of his head, which is ridiculous. The thing isn't alive or something, but it's almost as if he can feel it watching him in betrayal at not having been picked up in a week.

The bag of gear he bought the day he fell so bad sits untouched on top of it, neither seeing the light of day since that day. He had gotten tired of seeing the bag on the floor of his room where Dream had left it that night so he brought it out here, but he hasn't been able to bring himself to get on the board again just yet. There's still a speckle of dried blood on the nose of the longboard, visible with the clear grip tape that does nothing to hide it.

He grasps for something to pull his attention away from the board, dragging his phone from his pocket and checks for new messages, seeing a couple of texts from the guy at the skate shop and a few from his other friends but nothing that required an immediate response.

He felt so bad about how he had treated that poor guy, leading him on and shit. He texted him a few days ago to explain himself and the situation and apologize. The guy was surprisingly chill. They're friends now... he thinks. Or getting to be. It's nice to know someone else who longboards and has a bit more knowledge than he does about it all.

Sapnap worries his lip and closes his phone, promising himself he will respond to him and his friends in a little bit. For right now though there's an idea brewing in the back of his head, taking hold of him in a way he knows won't stop until he does it. It's a stupid idea but...

It kinda sounds fun.

Like really fun.

He turns to his partners lingering outside, waiting for him. "Would y'all do something with me? Real fast?"

"What?" Dream asks, coming closer into the garage so they didn't have to shout.

Sapnap looks at the longboard lying innocently on the floor. "Well, you know that hill that I fell so bad on?"

"... Yeah," Dream hesitates, not liking where this is going. He's turned into a real mother hen lately over Sapnap and skateboarding ever since that night in the bathroom. He could still hear his concern when he caught Sapnap changing out of his pajama pants the next day, seeing the bruise on his hip for the first time. He had touched it so gently, prodding at it until Sapnap whined and his eyes flashed at the sound again.

"I think I want to try it again," he smirks softly at the way Dream huffs his displeasure at the idea. "But could you come with me maybe?" he adds on before Dream can interject. "Y'all could drive and that way if I fall again I don't have to walk all the way home."

Dream's eyes drop with sadness. Sapnap hadn't meant to make him so sad when he told him that he couldn't bring himself to call him that day for help, he was just trying to explain how he felt. It had killed Dream to know he had needed help and wouldn't call.

Ready to do anything to prevent that situation from reoccurring, he agrees. "Yeah, Sap, I can do that. Are you sure though? You still have scabs," he takes his hand gently, running his thumb over the rough bumps and textures gracing the heel of his palm. They look a lot better than they once did and the skin is healing over so nicely he doubts he'll even end up with a scar.

"I'm sure. It'll be fine, I have gear now," he shrugs towards it. "Besides, you'll be there right?"

The hard-line of Dream's mouth softens, leaning in to kiss him all soft and sweet, swelling with love and devotion at every move of his mouth against his. The hint of mint chapstick graces his tongue, his fruit punch one mysteriously disappearing the other day.

It was long gone by now, thank goodness. Not that Sapnap would throw away a perfectly good thing of chapstick that didn't even belong to him. Nope.

"Course I will be," he pulls back, looking over his shoulder. "George, you wanna come?"

"Yeah!" he calls back from outside still, scrolling on his phone and waiting patiently for them to direct him on what they were going to be doing next.

"I'll go get my keys then," Dream swipes some of the hair off of Sapnap's forehead, pushing it

back gently. "Meet you in the car?"

He nods, pushing his head into his hands to get more of the loving touch before he pulls away.

Dream disappears inside, leaving only him and his board.

He stares down at the thing, looking it over.

Could he do it this time?

What's different?

... Well, a lot of things are different now, but in terms of skill, what's different?

His heartbeat quickens when he remembers how fast he had gone and how the board had wobbled with the speed, how his stomach had dropped out and his hands shook.

The promise of Dream and George being there to pick him up if he falls settles the pit forming in his stomach the more he thinks about it. It won't be like last time. He knows what to expect now, he knows someone is waiting for him at the bottom now, and there's a promise of security to the entire affair- new confidence fueled by the safety gear and the returned affection of the two he loves. He knows he won't be distracted this time, he won't be in total agony from an emotional wound formed from misunderstandings and a lack of communication.

It's totally different now.

Sapnap shakes out his shoulders and grabs the bag of gear and his board, tucking it against his side, and takes off to go wait for Dream.

George is leaning against Dream's car parked in the street, sitting up casually as Sapnap nears and pecks his cheek as he passes by.

"Hi."

"Hi." George grins, finally looking up from his phone. "Ready to try again?"

Sapnap shrugs. "I think so."

Dream jogs out the front door seconds later, keys wrapped around one of his fingers with a smile. "Ready?"

Sapnap nods.

George instantly goes for the passenger seat expectantly seeing as how that was the door he had been previously leaning up against, pulling open the door.

Sapnap can't help himself, pushing himself between him and the seat.

"Shotgun!" he shouts as their bodies press up against each other in the tight space, each blocking the other from getting in.

"I had the door opened first!" George growls, annoyed.

"But I called shotgun before you," Sapnap shoots him a cheeky grin.

"You are insufferable, I was literally about to sit down!"



Sapnap doesn't move, holding George in a staring contest, each daring the other to move so much as an inch.

"Get in the car!" Dream snaps, fed up with their antics. When Sapnap looks over at him, he's already got his seatbelt on and is looking at them expectantly.

"Dream!"

"Dream, come on--"

"Sapnap, get in the back. Your board can't fit in the front anyway so what's the point in fighting over it? You act like children."

"You made Dad mad," George whispers in the shell of his ear with a sly smile. The hot breath of air against his ear sends a tingle down his spine.

"I'm going to kill you," Sapnap promises with a deep kiss. George sighs into it, a gentle hand sliding across his waist that leaves a scorching trail in its wake.

"Oh my godddd. Get in! Make out later," Dream demands with an impatient whine, lamenting, "I don't understand you guys."

Sapnap rolls his eyes and steps away, letting George fall into the passenger seat, victorious.

He slides himself and his board into the back, careful to keep the dirty wheels off the seats.

Once he's situated and Dream begins driving, he opens the safety gear bag, taking out everything it came with.

Knee pads, elbow pads, and wrist guards. He looks each over, figuring out the straps as he secures them in place on his body. The knee pads feel restrictive and he's not sure if it's because he's sitting down or not but he's not the biggest fan. Still, he knows he needs to wear them if he's going down the hill again.

Next, he pulls on the elbow pads, strapping them in place as well. This is trickier, especially on his dominant arm but he manages, thankful that neither Dream and George are paying him much attention to him. He's sure if they were, he'd be teased for how holding his arms out the way he is makes him look like a chicken.

Finally, come the wrist guards. There are three straps and by the time he's got his thumb through the hole, he's growing frustrated.

Giving up, he unclips his seatbelt, earning a "hey!" from Dream. He sits forward, holding out his wrist to George expectantly. "Help."

George scoffs but does as he asks, helping secure the wrist guards in place. Once he finishes the left, he holds out his right without even asking and George complies, shoving his arm away once he's finished.

"Thank you, Gogy!" he smiles brightly, sitting back and clipping his seatbelt back on to appease the man driving who hums in approval.

By the time they get to the hill, he's as ready as he'll ever be.

"Want me to park up top or bottom?" Dream looks back at him through the rearview mirror.

Sapnap tries to think. “Up top. That way I don’t run into the car if I fall.”

He imagines the added pain of skating into a car and cringes at the thought. He’d probably have to go to the hospital at that point.

Dream nods along and pulls off to the side, the crunch of gravel and grass under the tires cutting through the shitty pop song playing on the radio.

The three spill from the car. George and Dream lean up against it, watching him expectantly.

His knees tremble a little with a mixture of fear and excitement. His stomach is doing that thing again where it drops out and falls below his knees, a swarm of butterflies filling it so full he chokes.

“Hey,” George calls as he lines his board up where he had last time with just enough room to push off. At least the asphalt isn’t burning through his sneakers this morning, so if he does fall it won’t burn his skin either when he strikes the ground.

He looks over his shoulder at him.

“Don’t fall.”

Dream elbows him.

“Wow George, what great advice,” Sapnap shakes out his shoulders, unsure if he’s more nervous with an audience or less.

“But seriously don’t fall, Sap,” Dream sighs.

“Like I’m gonna fall on purpose?”

Dream shrugs in an *I don’t know, I’m just saying* fashion, holding his hands up with his eyebrows raised high.

Sapnap turns away from them with a shake of his head and kicks off before he can think it through, once and then twice. As he begins to roll down, he rights himself on the board, turning the toes of his sneakers to one side.

He’s rolling and rolling, gaining speed. The wind whips around him, rucking up his shirt and hair flying wildly behind him. Again it doesn’t seem that fast at first but then he’s zipping down, cursing himself for *still* not learning how to break or slow down.

*It’s so fucking fast.*

His heart hammers but this time he doesn’t let himself freeze or give in to the fear of falling. He bends his knees, finding his center of balance on the board and leaning into it.

Even when the board wobbles he doesn’t panic like last time, adjusting his weight distribution just enough to put an end to it.

It feels like flying.

It feels like knowing Dream and George love him.

It feels like pure joy and exhilaration, excitement, and adventure. Suddenly he can see the future so

clearly like this. He's going to make it down the hill and he'll faintly hear Dream and George cheering him on from the top. He'll come to a stop a few blocks away and Dream will swoop him up in an excited hug and George will clap his shoulder, jumping up and down with supportive words shouted in his ear.

The future is scary but it's so very promising. There's no guarantee he'll make it down without falling, there's no guarantee the three of them will last, there's no guarantee there won't be aches and pain and tears, but he doesn't doubt for a second it'll all be worth it.

## Chapter End Notes

My Twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends :) let me know what you think now that it's over!

## End Notes

Let me know what you thought! My Twitter is @janetbaby99 if you want to be friends :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!